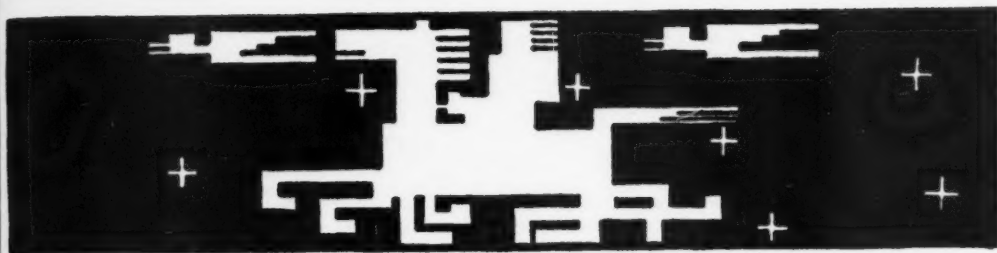


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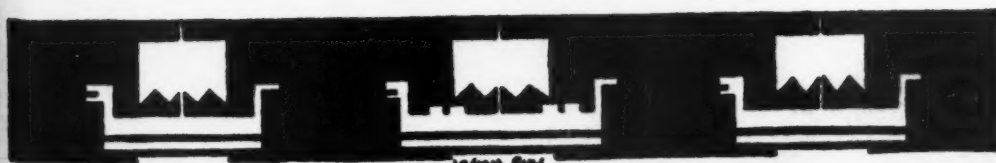


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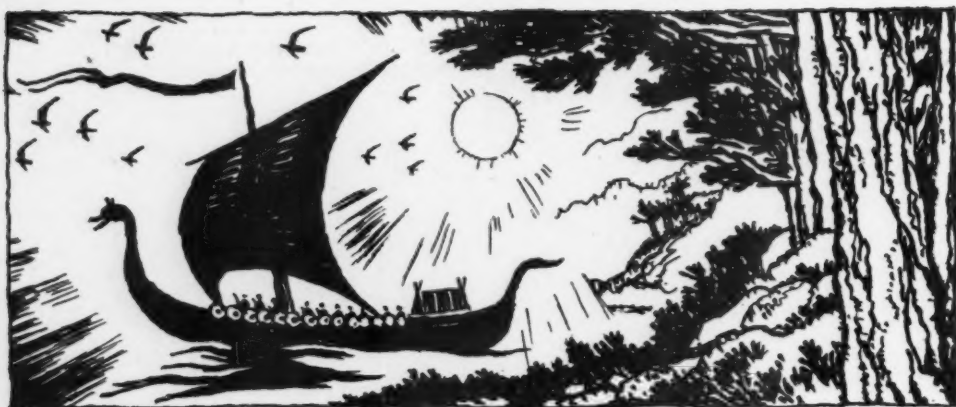
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SCANDINAVIA

Verse and Drawing by Thornton Oakley

Scandinavia! Scandinavia!
 Realm of wonder, realm of light;
 Realm of nights of sun-lit splendor,
 Realm of days of spangled night;
 Vast thy pines and crags reach skyward,
 Sing of thy Creator's might.

Scandinavia! Scandinavia!
 Land where dream and magic reign,
 Land of Volsung, rune and saga;
 Deathless down the years remain
 Glories of thy deep-sea rovers
 Norseman, Swede, Iclander, Dane.

Scandinavia! Scandinavia!
 One now with modernity,
 Still thine eager, dauntless children
 As of old, intrepid, free,
 Dare the deeps of life's adventure,
 Push into Time's untold sea.

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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NUMBER 1

Scandinavian Unity

An Editorial

"SWEDEN ABSTAINS." Some Americans, when they read such a phrase in the press, wonder why Denmark, Norway, and Sweden do not federate or act in concert in foreign affairs.

The Scandinavians, historians assert, spoke a common tongue from the Stone Age until about 800 A.D. This seems improbable, however, for Scandinavia in that period was divided into many petty principalities. More likely the language of the runic inscriptions that was used by all the Scandinavians was a priestly language, the vernacular of the few. For more than a century these nations did try a union under one king, but finally separated again into independent states.

Scandinavians today do seem, in laws and customs, more nearly unified than ever before, more than even in the years when Danish Canute the Great ruled from his seat in London over the Northern world, and only the sea refused to obey him. By and large the Danes have forgotten that Norway did not come to her aid when Prussia lopped off a piece of Denmark in 1864, and Norwegians will in time forget that Sweden did not give her military help when Hitler occupied Norway in 1940.

Last year the governments of the three Northern nations discussed ways and means of a possible Scandinavian customs union, and they began the recent conferences on the tabooed subject of joint military strategy. Western Europe would no doubt be glad to have the Scandinavian countries join the powers in military as well as economic alliance. But as neutrals the Scandinavian states have enjoyed prosperity, and Sweden has been particularly happy in maintaining military isolation. March 27, 1794 offers perhaps the last precedent for a

Scandinavian action similar to the Western European union arrangement today, when Sweden and Denmark-Norway signed a treaty of armed neutrality that to all practical purposes became an armed defence union. A Danish-Swedish fleet was stationed in the Kattegat to protect the merchantmen during the Wars of the French Revolution, and this fleet was under alternating Danish and Swedish command.

In non-military matters the indications of common Scandinavian action are many. In Denmark there is a language reform movement to make the written language more easily read and understood by the other countries. Scandinavian Airlines is today a fine example of Scandinavian cooperation, as is also the pooling of tourist agencies for the three countries. The Society Norden holds joint Scandinavian meetings and publishes accounts of all manner of social, scientific, artistic, and educational cooperation,—autonomous but sharing. Marriage laws in each of the three countries, due to interstate conference and comparison, are to all intents and purposes the same. Indeed, the laws regulating marriage and divorce in Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen are more alike than those in our own South Carolina and Nevada. Public health and medicine are directed in much the same way in the three countries, as is the economic balance achieved by the competition of cooperatives and private business, while industrial peace is usually maintained by the conferences of the Employers Associations with the Labor Unions.

In the United States also our citizens of Scandinavian descent are losing their racial jealousies. In World War II our Swedish-Americans conducted a nation-wide campaign for the support of Camp Little Norway in Canada, where Norwegians were trained to bomb Germany. The American-Scandinavian Foundation is one of many auspices under which Scandinavian-Americans meet for common action in the field of education. The Trustees of this Foundation by statute must be apportioned among those of Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and non-Scandinavian descent, and racial cooperation is true of Associates and Chapters of the Foundation in several states.

To the present writer it would appear fortuitous for the Scandinavian States, despite their differing geographic horizons, to form an economic and military group, with the possibility of eventual formal association with the Western democracies.

(THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best short essay on "Scandinavian Unity" sent to the REVIEW in 1949.)

Brøndsted and the Newport Tower



Asch

Professor Johannes Brøndsted has returned to Denmark after three months in America as guest of The American-Scandinavian Foundation inspecting alleged remains of pre-Columbian Norsemen. In interviews he has expressed his tentative opinion that the Norse implements found in Ontario date from around 1000 A.D., the Newport Tower from around 1200, and that the Kensington runic stone found in Minnesota (dated 1362) is genuine. His final report, which will require further study of his materials and consulta-

tion with philologists and archaeologists, is awaited with considerable excitement.



A Gilbert Stuart

The earliest painting of the Newport Tower (c. 1770). Reproduced by courtesy of the owner, Mr. Lawrence P. Tower of Newport and New York.

Vinland Visited 1050.

BY HJALMAR RUED HOLAND

THE EARLIEST MENTION OF VINLAND, America's first name, is not found in the Vinland sagas of Iceland, but on a stone inscribed with runic characters unearthed in Norway. In 1823 Major L. D. Klüwer, an antiquarian, was shown this stone on the farm of Hønen in Ringerike. It was a neatly chiselled stone four feet long, eight inches wide, and four inches thick. The inscription was carved on the narrow edge. The major made a careful copy of the inscription, but did not attempt a translation. In fact, it does not seem to have been translated until 1902 when Professor Sophus Bugge published a monograph in which he discusses the inscription in great detail.¹ According to Bugge the inscription constitutes a six-line stanza in the old *malahattr* meter as follows:

Ut ok vit ok thurba
therru ok ats
Vinlati a isa
i ubygd at komu
Aud ma ilt vega
(at) døyi ar

The following is a Norwegian translation conforming to the alliterative characteristics of the old meter:

"Ut og vidt de for,
fristed sult og væde;
drev fra Vinlands kyst
op til Ubygds-isen.
Vanheld vender lykken
volder tidlig død."

In English prose this is: "Far and wide they were driven from the coast of Vinland, and were cast on the ice of the uninhabitable regions, needing food and clothing. Evil fate may overtake one so that he dies early."

As Bugge says, this is an epitaph over a young man of good birth, as otherwise a memorial in verse would hardly have been raised to him. This indication of family eminence is supported by the still existing local tradition that the estate of Hønen, formerly much larger, was

¹ *Hønen-Runerne fra Ringerike in Norges Indskrifter med de Yngre Runer*, Christiania, 1902.

in olden times a royal seat (*Kongsgaard*). Bugge fixes the date of the inscription at about 1050 for linguistic and runological reasons.

But this inscription has several other points of interest. As already mentioned, it contains the earliest use of the name of Vinland, the land of grapes in America, discovered by Leif Erikson about the year 1000. In this respect it antedates the existing Vinland sagas by approximately three hundred years. Furthermore, it is the only mention of any journey from Norway to Vinland in Viking times. Who was this lone explorer from Norway who lost his life on the journey, but who evidently was brought back to his own country and buried on his own estate? No one has attempted an identification, and the attempt may seem futile in view of the fact that no names are mentioned. The inscription is incomplete, the stone being broken in two across the first remaining rune.

But perhaps an identification is not impossible. Perhaps there are facts mentioned or implied in the inscription which, when viewed in the light of the history of Ringerike, are sufficient to enable us to identify the person in whose memory the inscription was made. I believe this can be done.

Now what facts do the inscription and the place where it was found reveal? First, that the deceased was a young man; second, that he was from Ringerike; third, that he was of a prominent family; fourth, that he had lived on an estate which according to tradition was an ancient royal manor; fifth, that about 1050 he made a voyage into American waters north of Vinland; and sixth, that he did not return alive. Most of these circumstances are quite particular, especially as journeys across the Atlantic were very rare in the 11th century. This is illustrated by the story about Thoraren Nevjulfson, reputedly the most famous skipper of his time. King Olaf requested him to take the blind but exceedingly vindictive King Rurik to Greenland to get him out of the way of doing harm, but Captain Thoraren had most serious misgivings. Greenland was unspeakably far away, he had never been there, he knew of no pilot to guide him, etc. It was not until the King promised to make him a member of his royal bodyguard that he undertook the journey which he incidentally failed to accomplish. Perhaps it is not too much to say that if an historical personage can be pointed out to whom all these circumstances apply, then we shall have solved the question of identity.

There was one man of wealth whose age, social standing, and place of residence agree with the facts revealed in the inscription. In 1047 he was impelled by political reasons to seek temporary refuge in

Greenland. The following is a brief synopsis of the circumstances which drove him to the western world.²

In 1046 Norway was ruled jointly by two kings. One was Magnus, later called the Good, who was the son of King Olaf, the later patron saint of the North. The other was Harald Haardraade, so called because of his grasping, perfidious, and vindictive temperament. This is the same King Harald who in 1066 invaded England and met his fate in the battle of Stamford Bridge. He was the son of King Sigurd Syr of Ringerike and half brother to King Olaf. When Harald in 1045 returned to Norway laden with riches, the proceeds of ten years' plunder as captain of the Imperial Guard of Constantinople, his ambition was to become the sole ruler of Norway. He therefore first went to Ringerike, his father's old kingdom, and asked the people there to accept him as king. But the people refused to give up their allegiance to King Magnus, and not even Harald's own relatives would give him any encouragement. Greatly embittered by this and other rebuffs, Harald joined forces with Earl Swen, later King of Denmark, to make war against Magnus. However, shortly afterward Magnus magnanimously offered to share the kingdom with his uncle.

Some time after this King Magnus came to Oplandene, the collective name of the six prosperous districts of south central Norway, of which Ringerike was one, to hold a *Thing* or official assembly with the people. While Ringerike had always been loyal to King Olaf and his son, the other five districts had been more than dubious in their allegiance, as their five kings had been among the first to turn against King Olaf. Magnus now made a speech and said he would not press his charges against them for their enmity toward his father, provided they would give him their good will and sincere cooperation.

When the King ceased speaking, a distinguished looking young man named Thronð, very richly dressed, arose to answer the King. He said in effect that while many of the people of Oplandene had been unfaithful to King Olaf, a new generation had now grown up which had taken no part in the defeat and death of King Olaf, and this generation desired only to serve their present king, Magnus. As a sign of his trust and devotion, the speaker expressed a desire to exchange clothing and arms with the King. Magnus courteously agreed to this especially, he said, as Thronð's raiment and equipment was much better than his own. Such exchange of clothing was in the Viking Age a ceremony indicative of perfect trust between the two parties, their act

² The synopsis is gleaned from *Harald Haardraades Saga* printed in the *Flateyjarbok*, III, 814-816. Kristiania, 1868. See also *Grønlands Historiske Mindesmerker*, II, 608-630.

symbolizing that each was giving to the other something that partook of his own personal self. Thereupon Thrond invited the King and his numerous retinue to be his guests, and he entertained them sumptuously and gave the King more valuable gifts.

The scene mentioned above shows that Thrond was a wealthy and prominent chief, perhaps the ranking chief of Oplandene, because custom decreed that the most important men at the *Thing* should be given priority in addressing the king. It also indicates that he must have been connected with the family of the former King Sigurd Syr of Ringerike, because all the other five kings of Oplandene had been tortured and banished by King Olaf and their estates confiscated. If Thrond had been connected with any of these five kings who had been so cruelly treated, he would have felt no urge to support the son of his family's oppressor. Moreover, in such case he could not have become a wealthy man a few years after his family had lost all its possessions. The most probable conclusion is therefore that he was a grandson of King Sigurd Syr, King Olaf's stepfather, who had always supported his stepson. This conclusion is supported by the statement in two old sagas that Thrond was a *frænde* (kinsman) of Kalf Arneson who both before and after this time was the most important uncrowned man in Norway. While Kalf Arneson and his immediate relatives were from distant parts of Norway, his brother, Finn Arneson, was married to Bergliot, the daughter of Halfdan, the son of King Sigurd of Ringerike. Thrond was therefore her brother, and his full name was Thrond Halfdanson.

When King Harald a short time later heard of Thrond's reception of King Magnus, he became furious. This reaction at first sight seems strange. Both King Magnus and King Harald spent much time in visiting various parts of their joint kingdom, sometimes together, but more often separately, and it was customary for the leading men at such times to entertain them lavishly with the usual assurances of unswerving loyalty. Thrond had done nothing more than what scores of other men had done when entertaining either king, and their actions had caused no offence. There must therefore have been some special reason for King Harald's wrath.

This reason we find in the fact that Thrond was a son of Harald's own brother Halfdan. The King would consider it bad enough that strangers were unwilling to recognize his merits, but the fact that his own kinsman took a leading part in bolstering the royal power of his hated rival was intolerable. Such an act would be to him a treacherous breach of the bonds of family loyalty. Just as he the preceding year

had waged war against his nephew, King Magnus, to gain the kingdom, so he now plotted the destruction of another nephew, Thronð, because the latter preferred Magnus to him. He instructed a dependable lieutenant of his earlier adventures to take twelve men, dress them in monks' cassocks, and let them in this disguise seek admission to Thronð's house and kill him.

Early one morning these knaves approached Thronð's house and meeting some of the workmen on the farm, they inquired if Thronð was at home. The answers were unsatisfactory and, being short of temper, the lieutenant had the workmen beaten unmercifully. A foster-brother of Thronð, named Sigurd, saw this strange behavior on the part of the black-robed visitors and hastened to tell Thronð that these monks acted very suspiciously.

Thronð agreed, but being unwilling to take harsh measures against possibly godly men, he decided to test them. As it was early in the morning, he had not yet left his *skemma* (a small detached building used for sleeping). "Let them come without hindrance," said he. "When they come, I will speak to them from a window and ask them to step into the *stofa* (the main hall or dwelling house) until we get the sleep out of our eyes. If they are holy men begging alms for a good cause they will do so. But if they are bent on mischief they will demand instant admission before we can call our men. In that case you will open the door and they will rush in. At that moment I will escape through the underground passage leading to the *stofa*. They will no doubt pursue me, but you shall stand behind the door and bolt it behind them. Thus they will be our prisoners."

Soon the monkish pretenders arrived and it went just as Thronð had forecast. The strangers were unwilling to wait and shouted that unless they were admitted at once they would break down the door.

"Impetuous indeed are the monks becoming," answered Thronð. "I will rather open the door than have you break it down." With that he opened the door and, as the intruders entered, he fled through the passage way. Thereupon Sigurd bolted the door.³

The would-be assassins were now taken out and questioned concerning the object of their errand. On learning their mission, Thronð gave them the same treatment that they had given his workmen and then sent them back to King Harald. This incident soon became known and caused much derisive comment at the expense of the savage King.

When King Magnus learned of this, he realized that King Harald

³ Old settlers say that remains of such an underground passage at the Hønen farm were still visible when they emigrated from Ringerike. It is also mentioned by Johan Vibe in *Norges Land og Folk*, Kristiania, 1895, V, 190-191.

would not long let this affront go unavenged. He therefore personally led several hundred of his men up into Ringerike to be on hand to protect his nephew if necessary. With these troops he made camp in a forest near Thronð's house. Thronð was soon informed of the presence of this army, and, thinking it was King Harald and his men, he quickly called a large number of men together and set out to give battle to the supposed enemy. However, on approaching King Magnus' position he discovered his error, whereupon King Magnus and his men were invited to Thronð's house.

King Magnus now told Thronð that it was not safe for him to remain in his house and invited him to spend the winter with him. This invitation was accepted by Thronð.

During the winter it was ascertained that it was King Harald's intention to kill Thronð at all costs. When spring came, King Magnus presented Thronð with a well-manned ship and advised him to seek refuge in Greenland until the situation improved. Thronð accepted the gift and advice, and King Magnus personally accompanied his friend on board the vessel.

Evidently King Harald was kept informed of all these movements, for he was waiting for Thronð behind the first point of land. When Thronð passed it, King Harald rowed out and attacked him. However, in the meantime it had occurred to King Magnus that he had been careless in letting Thronð depart without more protection. He lost no time in manning another vessel and set out in it. When King Harald discovered that King Magnus was coming to the aid of his protégé, he decided that the odds were too great and rowed away. Thereupon Thronð proceeded toward his distant western destination. According to the old saga he reached it safely and remained there for some years.

These words, "he remained there (in Greenland) for some years," are the last that the saga-writer has to tell of Thronð's fate. As he makes no mention of a fatal outcome, the inference may present itself to some readers that Thronð later returned to Norway. But this inference has little to support it. If Thronð lost his life through his sufferings on the ice of the uninhabitable regions of Labrador or Greenland, as the runic stone of Hønen mentions, it is improbable that the saga writer in Iceland ever heard of it. He would have little opportunity of learning that the body of the heroic young nobleman was later carried home and there with much ceremony interred in a burial mound. All that the saga writer probably knew was that

Thronð spent some years in Greenland, and he states that fact. Nor is Thronð mentioned later in any other document.

There is another objection to such an inference. If Thronð after some years voluntarily returned to Norway, he would be acting contrary to the instincts of self-preservation, which is not reasonable. His protector, King Magnus, died the same year (1047) that Thronð went to Greenland, and Harald remained the undisputed King of Norway for nineteen years, busily engaged in settling scores with those who had opposed him. Thronð had offended the vindictive King too deeply to have any hope of pardon. Indeed, it is possible that Harald's hatred of Thronð was so great that he attempted to cross the northern ocean to punish him. This motive would explain the purpose of that strange journey which King Harald made "to investigate the breadth of the northern ocean," from which he barely escaped with his life as told by his contemporary, Adam of Bremen, the learned *magister*, in his *Gesta Hammaburgensis* written about 1070. Not only would King Harald be prompted to make this journey because of his desire for vengeance, but also to do away with a possible rival to the throne. Thronð was of the same ancient royal stock as Harald, and this, added to his personal popularity, made him a potential rival whom the unscrupulous King would spare no pains to remove.

As we see from the above, the known facts of Thronð's life fit the Hønen inscription perfectly. Not only was he a young man of a prominent family in Ringerike, but at the approximate date when the inscription was written we find him in Greenland in close proximity to the regions mentioned in the inscription. Being a prince of the ancient royal stock of Norway, he must have been the most distinguished visitor with whom the Greenland colonists had ever been favored with. Like other eminent visitors he would be the guest of the Law Speaker at Brattahlíð, Erik the Red's old homestead and the best estate in Greenland. Here he would hear recited the stories concerning the discovery of Vinland the Good by the former chiefs who had lived in that house. It would be strange, indeed, if a young man of his adventurous courage, energetic initiative and the resources both material and spiritual would not have felt the lure to see with his own eyes this strange new land of the West. To a person of his fitness, such a journey must have seemed a pleasant excursion to break the monotony of his enforced idleness. Perhaps the Greenland sagas could have told us much about his visit and adventures, but these old records perished with the extinction of the colony in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Considered by itself, the inscription on the Hønen Stone seems strange and almost unbelievable, because it is difficult to understand

why a young man in his position should make such an unusual journey in that remote time. It stands alone in its isolation from any similar enterprise. But the story of Thrond corroborates it in every particular except one. It identifies the young man of the inscription in the point of date, place of residence, and social position, and furthermore supplies the important reason for this journey to the western hemisphere. The fact that Thrond met his tragic fate after he left Greenland explains the omission in the saga of any mention of his death. Presumably the surviving members of Thrond's crew replenished their supplies by hunting and fishing in "the uninhabitable regions" and then, without loss of time, took their dead chief back to his home where he was quietly buried. It is therefore unlikely that his tragic end was known even in Greenland.

If some readers still think that this identification is not conclusive, they are confronted with the dilemma of assuming that there was at this same time of about 1050 another young man of rank from Ringerike who like Thrond, for equally good reasons, found it necessary to exile himself across the western ocean and who perished there. But such an assumption more than doubles the improbability, for Thrond's adventures are so unique as not to be easily duplicated. Moreover, there is nowhere any suggestion of such a person.

In view of Thrond's royal connections, wealth, popularity, and personal attributes, which all promised a great future, the runemaster had every reason to close his epitaph with the chiselled reflection that it was indeed an evil fate which overtook a young man of such promise.

Hjalmar R. Holand (University of Wisconsin 1898; M.A. 1899) is the author of a dozen historical works among which are DE NORSKE SETTELMENTERS HISTORIE, THE KENSINGTON STONE, WESTWARD FROM VINLAND; and AMERICA: 1355-1364. He lives in Ephraim, Wisconsin, and devotes all his time to historical research.



The 1948 Olympics

AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES of 1948 the Scandinavians once more demonstrated that they are among the foremost of the athletic nations of the world. One is tempted to claim that their fine showing may be attributed to the intelligent, long-range sports and public health programs of these countries, in addition to state and local aid to athletic clubs, and the constant efforts to make every one from six to sixty take part in sports instead of being spectators only.

In winning the Winter Games the Swedish skiers and skaters reached new heights,—achievements which were rivalled by their track-and-field men, their wrestlers, canoers, and soccer players in the Summer Games. Others who served to reflect special credit on their homelands were the Norwegian skaters and ski jumpers and the Danish girl swimmers. The results achieved by the Scandinavian contingents were, indeed, so good that if their point totals had been combined the Northern nations would have practically equalled the athletic might of the United States.

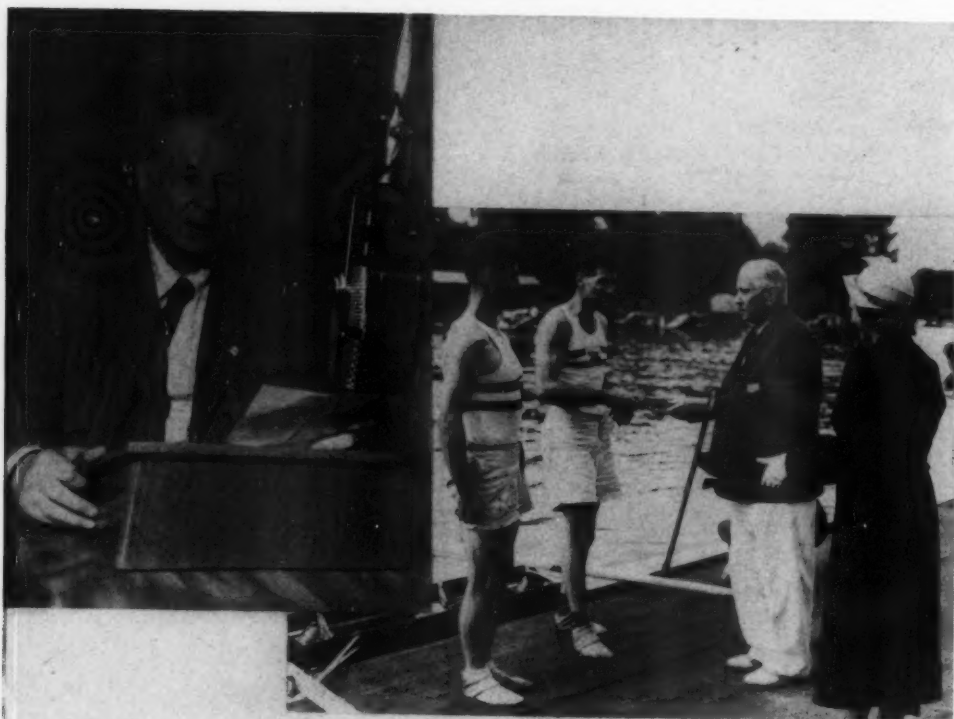
The two following pages reproduce photographs of the winter Olympics in Switzerland and the summer Olympics in London.

Sverre Johannessen of Norway in the Downhill and Anders Törnquist of Sweden in the 50-kilometer ski race. The view of St. Moritz is by A. Steiner, the Olympic Ski Jump by Andreas Pedrett.

The photographs of J. Sigfrid Edström of Sweden, President of the Olympic Committee presiding in London, and of Mr. Edström awarding prizes to British winners of Rowing-Pairs-without-Cox are by Text & Bilder.

The Grandstand View in London shows His Britannic Majesty seated at the right of President Edström. In the front row are the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Margaret, Sir Frederick Wells (Lord Mayor of London), the Shah of Persia, the Queen, the King, J. Sigfrid Edström, the Duchess of Gloucester, Earl of Athlone, Queen Mary, and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Among those in the second row are Lady Jowitt, Princess Alexandra and the Duke of Kent, Earl and Countess Mountbatten, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, Lady Wells (the Lady Mayoress), Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha of Norway, and Lord Aberdare. At the top, behind the Royal Box, are Sir John Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson, Lord and Lady Kemsley, Lord and Lady Woolton, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., and Mr. Shinwell. (Graphic Photo Union)





Fealty

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Pen and Ink Drawings by the Poet



S NOW was three feet over the world,
This was the only meat there was,
Over the pan of food they had set
The fiery fox stretched quivering jaws.

His muzzle clean as the northwest wind
And sharpened to perpetual grin
Tautened an inch above the fat,
He drank the bones and paradise in.

They watched him through the panes, they ached
To have the fox trust them and eat.
He leapt away, three times around
He ran on four little winds, not feet.

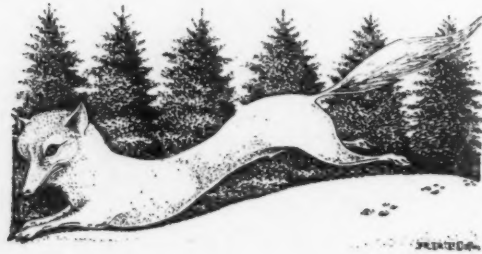
Back he came and thrust the needle
Of his nose close to the pan,
But there was the evil smell of iron,
His brush snapped taut, away he ran.

His hot gilt brush curved with the waves
His rippling back made as it sped,
Never had he felt steel or trap,
Yet many trapped paws were in his head.

Again he came up to the food,
Old foxes in him yapped *Beware!*
He made three little lightning slaps
With his slim paws in the air.

Then he dug the snow away
And left the pan on a white column,
Stood on his haunches, leaned to touch
Eden, but his eyes turned solemn.

A thousand ancient fealties
Cried out that this thing was unholy,
The thin fox turned away for good
And went to the woods, but slowly, slowly.



Peace or Pieces?

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

From an address at the Nobel Dinner of The American-Scandinavian Foundation in New York October 21, 1947

IRISE TO SPEAK in favor of the Veto—in favor of stubborn vetoes rightly placed. But first we recognize that Alfred Nobel's encouragement of work in literature, chemistry, physics, and medicine is always worthy of international salute. In explosive times his concern for peace merits highest regard. Such work and hope, however, cannot endure if another world war should scourge civilization. The continued existence of exemplary institutions like The American-Scandinavian Foundation is at stake. At this moment the greatest international business, the greatest human appeal, the greatest demand for emergency action and heavy sacrifice should be the establishment of international peace. I rise to veto the War on Peace.

We must recognize and emphasize that times have changed. Wars are not what they used to be. European culture was not seriously disturbed by the devastating American Civil War, and America's contribution to a progressive civilization was not curtailed or badly affected by the Crimean or the Franco-Prussian conflicts.

But the War of All Nations, the War of the World's Social Adjustment, with its two maxima, one around 1918 and the other in the early 1940's, has put a nervous hesitation into the progress of humanity.

Our major problem is how to resolve this still continuing unbalance of the world's social equilibrium. Apparently, we must be willing to make great sacrifice of our money, our pride, our prejudices, and invest heavily from our mental and spiritual resources. Otherwise there will be no Nobel Dinners, no Nobel Awards in the physics and chemistry and medicine that are on their way to make life rich and satisfying.

Recognizing this grim situation, many of the physicists, chemists, and medical people in a rather bewildered way, are seeking to establish throughout the world a deeper fundamental—a fundamental even deeper for us than the basic laws of life and matter. They seek to establish the international harmony that is now necessary for the prolongation of civilization, now necessary to hold civilization together. For without world peace, we shall have world pieces.

The solution of this hardest problem of the human species does not lie in domestic politics; it does not lie in prestige-juggling among the United Nations. It lies somewhere deep in the mysteries of human

nature and human behavior. The answer to the question of survival cannot be discovered by easy instincts; nor will it emerge through the exercise of traditional greeds and prides, or through the use of military violence. The answer requires the exercise of intellect, and knowledge of basic social relations on all levels.

Perhaps we should establish a great international research institution of social relations; but the time is running short for cautions and deliberate activities by analyst and scholar. Regretfully I say that religion has failed us in this crisis, not at all because of its content and intent, but largely because of its credal diversity. Even the Golden Rule, that basic law of amicable human relations, is made ineffective by amendments.

I suppose it would be useless to suggest that every letterhead used at Lake Success have the Golden Rule printed across the top. And the committee that plans the new United Nations buildings would probably find that an inscription over the entrance such as: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is too long. Shorter ones would fit better, like "Get rich, then be generous"; or "God's on our side"; or "MY country, 'tis of thee."

It is the selfish amendments to the Golden Rule that curse international relations. The amendments are brutal and blind. They are diplomatically tolerated and, sometimes, applauded; but humanly unnatural. Love of family and of friends breeds into the individual the world over a natural piety, a natural human generosity that propaganda cannot wholly erase—a willingness, in a pleasant social order, to live by decent rules, to compete and contest with sportsmanship and toleration. It is the super-heated nationalism, the cancerous greed of political or financial groups, that force the amendments to the Golden Rule.

We need some vetoes—administered by common sense and altruism—vetoes of the crippling amendments. But we do not get them. We have not discovered the way to apply such vetoes. Instead, we run down the selfish grooves that have habitually led to disaster. In rotund language, the inflated diplomat declares "We endorse the Golden Rule as an international policy to be operatable immediately upon the attainment of our National Aspirations and the recognition of our Manifest Destiny." National aspirations, manifest destiny—evil phrases that have cost many nations their characters or even their lives. The diplomat's less diplomatic interpreter puts it: First give us an assurance of our world markets; or first *insurance* of our injudicious foreign investments; or first, the protection of our western borders (or eastern, or northern, or southern, or subterranean, or atmospheric, or any excuse that keeps our military men prominent and our great army and

our navy objects of awesome respect) ; or first, an amendment that recognizes the established rights of social snobbery—then we are quite ready to live by the Golden Rule. By all means the Golden Rule. But first let's straighten out what *we* call injustices. Let's start generosity and international ethics on our own terms. Thus would translate the honest interpreter.

Alfred Nobel took a constructive, positive view with respect to international peace. He thought it should be rewarded. I should turn to praise of his work, but I seem to be in a critical mood. Usually I limit my criticisms to cosmic matters. For example, I don't like the dirtiness of our Milky Way, where the interstellar dust obstructs our view of the remoter parts. I don't like our ignominious position out near the rim of our Galaxy, some thirty thousand light years from the main tent—that is, 175,000,000,000,000,000 miles from the Galactic Hub in Sagittarius. I have referred this shameful situation to the Secretary General of the United Nations, but I doubt if anything comes of it. I object strenuously to the impediments to astronomical research that arise from the unsteadiness of our atmosphere and its blotting out of the exciting infra-red and ultra-violet radiations from sun and stars. If Alfred Nobel had made a nod toward astronomy, as he did toward physics and chemistry, he might have incited some inspired astronomer to do something about these cosmic infelicities.

For the moment, however, I forsake my complaining about stars and galaxies to become planetary again in critical outlook, and to register my wondering if our own governmental structure is set up appropriately to handle the problems of the atomic age, the problems of the new close-neighbor internationalism.

The America of 1833 (the year Alfred Nobel was born) was vastly different, internally and externally, from the America of 1947. But our governmental machinery for handling problems has changed relatively little since 1833. Recognizing the incompetence of the existing equipment, the recent Washington administrations, notably those of Presidents Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, have multiplied Commissions, Bureaus, and Agencies. But still the 19th century model carries most of the load. The hard-working State Department grows in personnel and complexity, always suffering from criticism, most of which is unjust. Administrative experts continually urge basic reorganization, and alert legislators occasionally introduce hopeful but neglected bills; but by the public in general, by you who hear or read, has there been any clean-cut recognition of the obsolescence of the old

tools? Any general recognition that the atomic world is not the stagecoach world? A kitten's harness is unsuited to the lion.

Can we, however, under our present political system, do anything so drastic as retooling our governmental factories for the production of national models streamlined to this precarious age and to its desperate problems? Certainly we should not proceed in such a way as to endanger human freedoms. A slave world is not worth preserving. Better be lifeless like the cold moon, or primitively vegetal like desolate Mars, than be a planet populated by social robots. The rules that forget the individual's personal liberties are not golden.

I should like to ask a serious question. Why is it that in the cabinets of ministers of all nations, especially of great nations, the top position, the most important post, the best filled secretaryship, is not the Secretariat of Peace? We have secretaries of war, secretaries of navy, secretaries of defense. ("Defense," by the way, is a word that does not fool anybody in the world; it never will fool anybody—unless you count taxpayers.) We have secretaries of commerce, in the interests of business, secretaries of labor in the interests of the working man, secretaries of agriculture for the farming enterprises, and all these also serve all the people. But we have no Secretary of Education, no Secretary of Science and Technology, no Secretary of Peace and Welfare. In our present setup we relegate three of the most important, perhaps now *the* most important projects of the human race, to miscellaneous bureaus, or neglect them entirely. We appear to favor stagecoach models, not super-duper power plants—favor a political economy that accommodates isolated self-sufficiency, not international interdependence.

In the hypothetical cabinet secretariat, which would direct the government's and the people's activities in the interest of peace and welfare, one would naturally put our UNESCO activities, our part of the Food and Agricultural Organization, our part of the World Health Organization, probably our part of the International Labor Organization, and other similar important activities that peacefully link our country through the United Nations to the rest of the world. But it remains hypothetical. We have no Minister of Peace and Welfare, and the world's most important business is nobody's business, nobody's official and single-minded business.

Are you thinking, perhaps, that our State Department, and the British, French, and Russian Departments of Foreign Affairs are in essence Departments of Peace? If so, please think further. Analyze the personnel of any large Embassy. Write down its daily program. Note how much of our own State Department's concern is with economic

affairs, most of which are not geared to the promotion of peace. The Department of State is not our Department of Peace. The Department of Defense is not our Department of Peace, not even of "Peace on our Terms." The Department of Defense is, to be sure, our Department of "Security"—the security enjoyed by the rattlesnake, the porcupine, the Bengal tiger; the temporary security of power and cunning and apparent impregnability.

That word "defense," I should add, is a very large word. It is used all over the planet as an umbrella word. Hitler called the cruel assault on Poland "Defense, with pursuit." The concept "defense," if we so decide, can include the psychological conditioning of our eighteen-year-old boys. It can include the subsidizing and hiding of science, both applied and basic. It can include subjugation of weak neighbors. Defense can spread its meaning and operations from Okinawa to Arabia to the rocket-besieged moon; from yesterday to the century-end to the next geological epoch; from the growing of corn to the banking of profits. It is indeed a large word. I make these rather unpleasant remarks in your behalf, in the interest of the intellectual integrity which presumably we all respect and which some of us insist on utilizing.

Perhaps all I am urging you to contemplate at the moment is the advisability of making domestic and international peace a positive operation. Along with you, I fear that much of the governmental work toward peace is self-interested; at best it is passive and wishful. Certainly, with the necessity so great, there is room for deliberate, studious, vigorous, positive action. With proper backing, an academic and layman group could make most useful studies of the factors producing wars, and of the factors underlying international goodwill. Much has been done by existing organizations. But the progress is slow, and the governmental policy-makers either do not know how to use the increasing information, or they distrust it, or more probably are just too overworked and distressed by their current daily problems to reach into the recesses of the human intellect and come up with answers which humanity in its humane moments should be able to accept.

A cabinet position, established with sincerity, devoted aggressively to digging out and activating the methods of attaining domestic and international harmony, is doubtless but a wishful dream. But it is the realization, or partial realization, of such dreams that distinguishes civilized man from the primitives.

Harlow Shapley is Director of the Harvard Observatory and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dream About a Shadow

BY SIGFRID SIWERTZ

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I WAS WAITING for Ingrid down by the boat bridge. It was still so light that one could clearly see the whitefish skipping over the water toward a forgotten fishing rod. A full-fed gull sat on the semaphore, its outstretched arm pointed to the name of the steamboat that was to touch there first in the morning. From the hillside came a sweet smell of cheese-rennet that blended with the scent of the lake. Everything was still. But my own heartbeats made me see the stillness quiver as if through fence palings.

At last I saw something gleam white in a hazel thicket. It was she, Ingrid. I tried not to rush toward her. And she checked her running when she caught sight of me and came along swinging a flower in her hand. We stood face to face, neither of us managing to greet the other properly.

"Err—it's awfully lovely this evening," I said. It was meant to sound calm and easy, but my voice trembled and there was such a catch in my heart that I almost lost my breath. I had thought of adding something about the whitefish around the float but could not.

"Yes, and there were so many wild roses on the slope of Windmill Hill," Ingrid answered hurriedly. "And two squirrels were chasing around a pine trunk."

Whereupon she, too, fell silent.

We began to go through the hazels. Ordinarily the well-trodden grass gave a firm footing, but now it seemed to sway up and down, so that I hardly knew where to step or where to hold out my hands. Nor did I dare take a good look at how pretty Ingrid was. I only saw her clearly when she herself was not present,

and then she had warm blue eyes, a little straight nose with some freckles, and a soft mouth, where a smile came and went for no particular reason, like the glint of sunshine under a tree.

We brushed against each other, then separated as if we had been burnt. The silence grew so big and dangerous that I did not dare hold my peace any longer but chattered any nonsense that came to me, stumbling over words and finding them so silly that I wanted to sink into the earth. My mood was like one of those balls that dance in a fountain, tumbling down and then going up again.

We were not actually afraid as though of something forbidden; no, it was not that. But we felt strangely helpless and spied upon. How was I to explain that I had put on my best suit in the middle of the week? And Ingrid was so terribly stylish in her white dress! And in the midst of all the formality was the sensation of going with one's heart completely naked. Yes, we realized that we were betraying ourselves with every change of expression, every gesture. It seemed as if everything was holding its breath to listen to us, it was as if a thousand eyes were staring at us from the dusk of the hazel copse.

Ingrid was perhaps braver than I, for it is, as it were, more natural for a girl to be in love than for a young man. But still she looked relieved when I suggested that we go rowing on the lake. We ran down to the green skiff by the bath house. It was as though we had fire in our heels; yes, it can not be denied, it was a flight. Hurriedly I pushed out the boat and rowed a while for dear life. It felt fine to have a diversion.

Ingrid smiled. At last she could smile. And it was as if her smile crept right into my heart and turned its unrest into joy.

"Don't pull so hard! You'll wear yourself out."

"Oh, I shan't get tired, not a bit."

However, I stopped rowing and rested on the oars. Already we were far from the shore. When the boat no longer moved, it seemed to hover weightless on the gleaming mirror of the bay, separated as by a miracle from the land with its lurking perils. Yes, now there were only we two and the summer evening. And now I could look at Ingrid, fairly devour her with my eyes.

"Such a frightfully pretty dress you have," I muttered. I did not dare say straight out that she herself was pretty.

"Think so? Yes, I put it on because we have visitors at home. I mean I *could* put it on—you understand."

"If only you don't get wet with the dew."

"No, and anyhow it's a wash dress."

There was still something strange in this stillness around us. One had to say something casual to escape its unreality. Ingrid stuck a finger experimentally into the water.

"Do you think the boat is safe?" she whispered.

"Why shouldn't it be safe?" I laughed. But I quite understood what she meant. We were hovering on nothing but the light between two heavens, one above and one below.

Two heavens—it was enough to make one feel giddy.

I began to row again, but softly, cautiously now. It was as though I were dipping the oars into sheer infinity. But this infinity had nothing seductive or terrifying in it, for our love filled it easily to its farthest border. Then, too, there was warmth all through it.

When I had rowed quite a distance, we came into a big mass of rushes between two low green islets. It was early in July,

but the sedge had already grown to the full height of a man. The sparse outermost stalks stood as if stuck down in pure gold. Farther in, it appeared thicker and darker, and I was reminded of a mangrove swamp I had read of in an adventure book.

"Shall we row into the sedge a bit?"

"Yes, that might be nice."

I pushed the bow into the rustling mass of green blades, which soon closed around us. We shoved our way forward through some little half-open pools overgrown with willows and proceeded into the jungle of sedge, but then there came an endless depth of thicker and thicker sedge, where we finally came to a halt. It was very silent after the rustling, when I had ceased poling, and there was only a faint whispering murmur from the myriad blades. One had a slight shivery feeling of being far within a secret world, open to the sky but shut off by wild green depths from the real world of everyday. At the same time a wild and a safe refuge. A thicket and a house. Yes, here we were wholly by ourselves, here no one could spy upon us. With a sigh of release we let our shyness and weary expression pass from us. I sat down on the stern beside Ingrid and took her hand, which felt very cool.

"You're not chilly?"

"No, I'm feeling fine."

"But your hand is cold."

"You know what that means."

She leaned against me. I put my arm around her waist. I felt the soft, light motions of her body beneath my trembling hand. I revelled in the delicate drop of her voice, when she spoke my name. Her tender lingering over my name! I was happy, happy!

Now a boat out in the channel went rushing past us. Big and tall and full of bustle and life, it headed out to sea. Never had a boat seemed to me so gay and full of promise.

"Imagine going off in her together!"

"Where should you like to go?"

"I don't know. Only far, far away—with you."

Now came the swell teeming over the sedge, there was a great rustling, and our skiff rocked violently. Ingrid screamed and pressed close to me. Then I kissed her. It was my first kiss, and she responded willingly and innocently. There was no longer any hesitation or resistance in her. No advance of mine would have alarmed her. Freely as a sunflower revolves to the sun, she turned her face to love. Yes, she looked straight into love, her eyes limpid and, as it were, widened by tenderness.

Ah, that young, pallid face! It knew little of life, it knew only—all. All that was really worth knowing.

I ought to have felt a wild, jubilant thrill of joy. I don't know why my eyes were dimmed with tears or why for a moment I seemed to be much older than she.

It was still not so very dark. The sky was glass-green, almost as in June. The crescent moon hung thin and silver-white just above the line of the sedge. Suddenly now a great white meteor burst out in a long narrow broom of fire and sank majestically down toward the earth. It was followed by red and green meteors, but the white one was the most beautiful.

"Look! fireworks! They're setting off fireworks especially for us, Ingrid."

She laughed a little. "That's father's fireworks. We're doing it for our guests. They'll be annoyed that I'm not there. But no, they won't be really angry."

I didn't quite recognize her voice. It sounded self-conscious, almost sad. It sounded almost as if she were a trifle vexed that they shouldn't be angry. Oh, no one can be really angry at her, I thought. But this reflection didn't quite satisfy me. As long as the fireworks lasted with their rockets and mines and Roman candles, we chattered eagerly to hide something from each other.

After the final explosion it grew wonderfully still again. Our words came as they had back in the hazel thicket. I felt that there was something indescribably touching in the white-clad figure at my side. It occurred to me for a moment that the Japanese wear white for mourning. I didn't fully comprehend why I had chanced to think of mourning just when I should have been full of happiness. But wasn't there a marvellous way of dispelling such apprehensions? Hadn't I her lips to kiss? Overcoming my diffidence, I drew Ingrid closer to me and kissed her harder. Even then she was neither frightened nor did she make any resistance. No, she was soft as a bird in my hands, as I never could have imagined. I don't know how I got the peculiar feeling that I had lived all this before. For a moment it occurred to me that the green skiff and the sedge and the girl at my side were all only half reality and half a memory. A strange, vague shiver came over me, a swift intimation of something hushed and mysterious.

In fact it needed the rush of another steamboat out in the channel to remind me that the whole thing was not a dream. The swell started once more a great disturbance in the sedge, the thousands of stalks waved violently back and forth, as if some power beneath the water were shaking them.

Ingrid was a little frightened now again. Though not *so* frightened. She looked at me as if to be sure I was there, in which case nothing would seem dangerous. Heavens! what a child she was. I couldn't help thinking that there was something so helpless about youth. Just as if I myself were no longer young. I didn't at once reflect clearly over the change in my attitude, but I had a slight twinge of uncertainty.

How long summer nights could be! Yes, and what a long time must have passed since we had gone out in the green skiff! I couldn't help laughing at my con-

fusion back there in the hazel thicket. I knew now a great deal about women and love. And I had become more protective toward her who was at my side. In a certain way it made me sad that I knew so much about women and that I felt myself to be Ingrid's protector. Yes, it was really peculiar that one could get so much older just on a short rowing trip.

Ingrid too had changed. But I couldn't say that she had grown older. No, it was something else. She was quite silent and perhaps a little paler now. She smiled silently and a trifle absently at my remarks. She had taken on something of the July night's cool transparency. Her face and her white dress glided so miraculously soft and weightless into the picture. Yes, it was like an old beautiful picture from the days of the sentimental school.

That white dress! I surprised myself staring at it. People don't wear such dresses any more. It was, as a matter of fact, touchingly unmodern with its puffed-out sleeves, braid, and rosettes.

It was as though Ingrid had read my mind. "I thought you liked this dress," she whispered—her voice was so faint. "You used to in the old times."

"In the old times?"

"Oh, excuse me, I must have been wandering."

Her smile was so thin and pale that my heart shrank within me.

But what were these haunting recollections? I must shake off this insidious melancholy and this dream-like sensation of having already lived a whole life. Surely I was sitting in this green skiff with the sweetheart of my youth.

If only everything hadn't been so unnaturally still and transparent! No more boats hurried past, no unrest in the rushes brought us back to actuality. One could no longer believe that the ship channel lay just outside us. No, instead it was as if infinity had crept close in upon us.

I felt that I must speak more to Ingrid about our love. All the urgency had slipped out of it, but still there was so much to say. Yes, I knew all about love now, though I had, as it were, to concentrate in order to sense properly how it felt.

Ingrid sat silent and let me talk. Her face was still soft and young, but always more transparent. It was as if she had not noticed that the years had sped by while we sat in the stern of the boat leaning together. But from time to time I felt that a faint shiver passed through her. She didn't love me less—no, I was sure of that—but it was as if the void of night had sucked out all her blood. I realized that I must exert myself strongly to make her warm again. But, good heavens! I could hit upon nothing else than to keep on talking to her of how much I knew about love. I hated myself for it, but nothing better would come. No, it was as if there was something lacking in my breast.

And everything around me began likewise to look different. The sedge had withered and thinned. I could look out across the bay, and it was both wider and smaller than before. Everything had grown and at the same time shrunk, as it does when it no longer has part in hope's limitlessness. Everything was old and familiar and yet strange and laden with mystery. Yes, with mystery but no longer with adventure. When one is young one can deal with the unexpected and dangerous—damn it, this is just an adventure. But now there was no longer a question of adventure; now it was something different.

I grew cold, I too, and felt myself all at once quite lonely and deserted. I turned vehemently to Ingrid to convince myself that she was still there at my side.

"How can I hold you, dearest? You seem to be slipping away from me. You don't want to go away?"

"No, no; not away, not away . . ."

She said it with a faint, whispering voice and yet with a sort of fervor, and she crept close to me with a sort of dumb prayer: Hold on to me, hold on to me! But I could hardly feel her kisses, they were so butterfly light, and when I on my part drew her little face to me to respond with my kisses, there went, as it were, a needle of cold through my whole being. The crescent moon hung all the while in the glassy heaven, and now I perceived that I saw one of its points right through Ingrid's forehead and cheek. And in what I

could still discern of her face there was a silent, tremulous farewell.

"Yes, I know," she whispered. "You see straight through me. That's because I am only a shadow."

My heart nearly stopped. I tried to draw her to me so as to give her life from my life. But suddenly all was empty in my arms. She *was* a shadow. Good God! yes, she had been dead over thirty years. She was only a poor memory of youth. And I was an old man, who lay awake at night, thinking of times gone by.

Sigfrid Siwertz is a Swedish master of the short story. The present one is from a recent volume entitled Mer än skuggor, all based on dreams, which the author says are "authentic."

A Letter Came

By Pär Lagerkvist

Translated from the Swedish by AXEL JOHAN UPPVALL

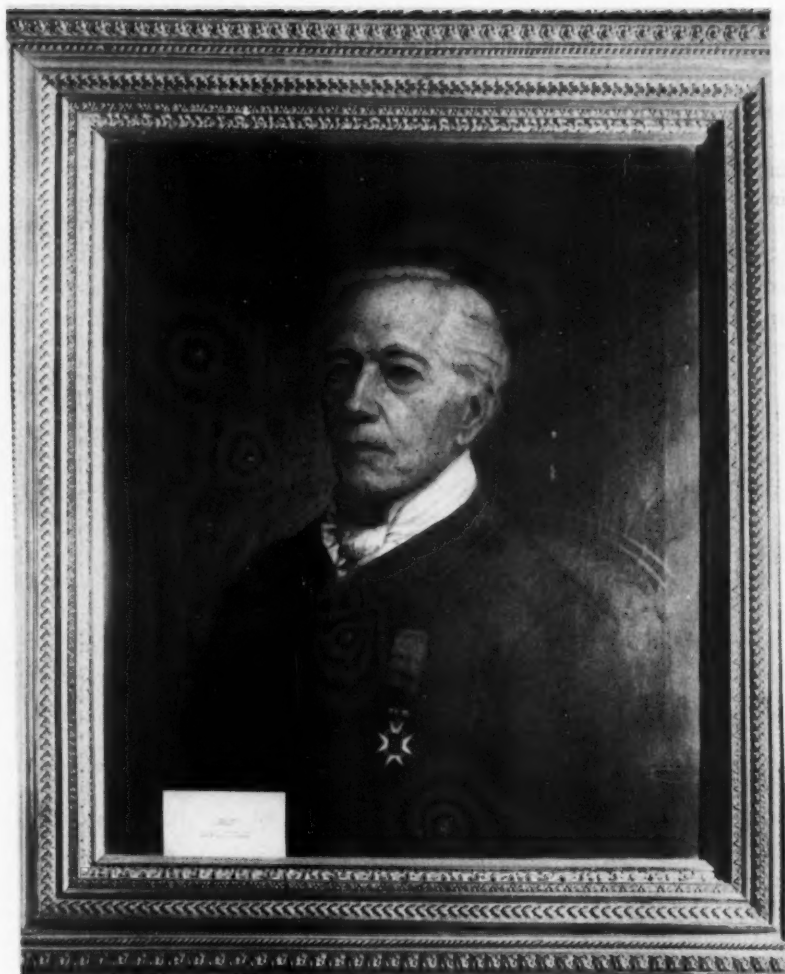
A LETTER came. It told in glee
Of spring wheat, currant, cherry tree,
A letter from old mother dear
In sprawling script and queer.

It spoke of clovered mead and rye,
Ripe-eared, and flower-beds nearby,
And Him who guides all far and near
From year to year.

Sun-bathed, secure, farm close to farm
Lay 'neath the Lord's protecting arm,
And peal of bells sang full of mirth:
Peace upon earth.

There was a breath of garden air,
Of Evensong and lavender,
And Sunday quiet as she wrote
To me her note.

It had been moving day and night
In breathless haste so that I might
Know from afar—o, mystery!—
That which is of eternity.



OIL PAINTING OF SVANTE PALM IN THE LIBRARY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

Sir Svante Palm's Legacy to Texas

BY MAYME EVANS

"Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to posterity of those that are yet unborn."

—ADDISON

IT SEEMS TO ME that you are not an energetic business man,' Mr. Swenson observed. 'But,' said Sir Svante, 'have you noticed my library?' He opened the door to a small, neat room with a

writing desk and shelves full of books, hundreds of them. 'My goodness!' Swenson exclaimed, 'That is a whole wagon load, and a capital that will never bring any return.'"

August Anderson, in his book "Hyphenated," relates the foregoing dialogue as taking place between Swen M. Swenson, the first Swede ever to come to Texas, and his uncle, Svante Palm, who followed him a few years later.

Whether actual or not, the conversation aptly characterizes the two men. Swenson, the practical-minded, enterprising business man, whose rise from poverty to great wealth and influence reads like a Horatio Alger success story; Palm, the thinker, scholar, book lover, who cared nothing for monetary gain, whose treasure lay in the precious volumes which he spent a lifetime collecting.

Svante Palm—Sir Svante, as he came to be known—was a native of Småland, Sweden. There he spent a tranquil boyhood and young manhood, pursuing even then the hobby which was to become the ruling passion of his life. It is said that as a very young child, before he had learned to read, he went with an older brother to an auction of the effects of a nobleman. Nothing interested the youngster so much as a great stack of books belonging to the insolvent gentleman, and he succeeded in coaxing the brother to buy some of them for him. Since the books were in Latin, he set determinedly about to master that language in order to learn their magic contents.

He received a good general education. He spoke English, French, Latin, and German, besides the Scandinavian languages. Musically talented, he played the cornet, flute, and guitar.

When he emigrated to America in the early 1840's, the Texas Republic was but a few years old, still suffering from the after-pains of its revolt and subsequent separation from Mexico. While many of its citizens were persons of learning and refinement, the majority of those who ventured into this vast, sparsely settled region were too busy with the struggle for survival to place much emphasis on the finer things of life.

Therefore, great must have been the

consternation of the rugged frontiersmen when there appeared among them a small-statured, slightly-built, most un-Viking-like young Swede, fastidiously attired in broadcloth suit and high silk hat, carrying a cane in one hand and—chances are—a book in the other. If a poll had been taken, he would undoubtedly have been chosen the young-man-most-unlikely-to-succeed-as-a-pioneer. Even his nephew—who incidentally was but a year younger than he—experienced grave misgivings at the sight of him.

This was the man who was to spend the remainder of his life in Texas—more than fifty years—; who was to receive undreamed-of honors, from both his native and his adopted country, and who is remembered today as one of the state's great benefactors.

Swenson took Palm into partnership with him in the mercantile business, placing him in charge of the branch at La Grange, Texas, where he served in the double capacity of manager and postmaster. From all accounts he did not find his duties there all-absorbing. He spent his spare time in reading, and invested all his profits in books. In 1848, the partners decided to remove the business to Austin, the new capital, and it was the small returns which the financial reckoning made at that time disclosed that prompted Mr. Swenson's caustic comment about his uncle's lack of business acumen.

Nor did Sir Svante demonstrate any greater enthusiasm for the mercantile business in the new location. Once, Swenson, returning from a trip north, found the shelves practically bare and his literary-minded partner, engrossed in his books, serenely unaware of the fact. Shortly after this incident—perhaps as a result of it—Palm accepted the position as secretary to General Thomas Ward, Ambassador to Panama. He insisted on taking his "wagon load of books" with him, and it was the fear that they would be lost or injured that reconciled him to leaving them behind.

He returned to Texas three years later, in 1853, to greet Miss Agnes Alm, to whom he had been engaged for twelve years and who had finally come over from Sweden to marry him. There had been an embarrassing mixup, however, due to some miscarriage of correspondence, and he found that his bride-elect had preceded him to Texas by several weeks and was awaiting him at La Grange, where she supposed him still to be. All these difficulties were eventually cleared up, and the long-delayed wedding was solemnized.

Upon their arrival in Austin, the bride and groom were entertained in grand style at the Swenson homestead at Gvalle, a small community near Austin where most of the Texas Swedish immigrants had settled. An elaborate nuptial feast was served, many notables of the state were in attendance, and there was a great deal of speechmaking and toast-drinking in honor of the pair.

The marriage proved a happy one. A cultured, talented young woman of the Finnish nobility, Agnes Alm was a fitting companion to the scholarly, sensitive-natured Sir Svante. While sharing many of his interests, she was never at a loss for employment of her own. Often while her husband read, she did fine needlework, an art in which she was particularly accomplished.

Palm held several public offices at various times during his long residence at Austin. He was postmaster for two years, chief clerk in the State Treasury for a time, and was once employed in the old Land Office Building with O. Henry. For more than thirty years he served as Swedish and Norwegian vice consul to Texas. Not only his countrymen, but many others as well, came to him for aid and advice, and his modest hillside cottage was a popular meeting place. He was a close friend of Sam Houston, and it is said that his quiet wisdom helped steer the fiery old war horse through many a stormy political attack.

In the meantime, Sir Svante's obsession for books and reading never waned. His library now contained thousands of volumes, and he was ever on the search for more. As there were no book stores in Texas, it was necessary for him to secure his acquisitions from New York or abroad. He became internationally known as a buyer of rare books.

Throughout the tragic years of the Civil War Sir Svante remained stoically at his post as Swedish consul, although, like most of the Swedish colonists in Texas, he did not favor secession from the Union. Swenson, together with a number of his friends, fled to Mexico. It required all the diplomacy that Sir Svante could employ to prevent the Swenson properties, whose interests he represented, from being confiscated by the Confederates.

After the war, Palm replaced the little cottage, which had served as consulate since 1846, with a brick one-story building. It contained what must have been his dream library, an immense, oak-beamed room with gold leaf decorations and a deep bay window enclosed in stained glass in the colors of his country. At last he could adequately house his vast collection of books and other works of art. Another story, added some years later, completed the building as it stands today.

In 1881 his wife died. Two years later, he returned to Sweden for a visit, taking with him his niece Adele, whom he had adopted. It was a triumphant homecoming. Noblemen, scholars, diplomats, literary lights—people in all manner of high places—vied with one another to do him honor.

As a crowning event, he was knighted with the Vasa order by Oscar, the King of Sweden, and ceremoniously presented with the gold and jeweled cross of the order. All this pomp and pageantry made a deep impression upon the sixteen-year-old Adele, and even her usually retiring uncle expanded surprisingly in the warmth of the gracious attentions heaped upon him.



*BUST OF SVANTE PALM IN THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS*

In spite of his crowded social schedule, Sir Svante managed to carry on his "treasure hunting" as usual. He bought about 4,000 books, which the Swedish government had packed in great wooden, iron-bound chests and shipped to Texas for him.

In 1897 he presented his entire library, consisting of 10,200 volumes, to the University of Texas. His letter to President Winston—still preserved in the archives of the university—reads in part:

"I hereby offer as a gift to the Univer-

sity of Texas my whole library, same to be placed in the University without delay. This library is closely interwoven with my very existence, and the attention which it necessarily needs, I can and will be of service. To avoid necessity of separating myself from the books, and for the purpose of giving you the benefit of my services in regard to them, I attach to the gift the only condition that I be furnished with a room where I may stay at my pleasure."

The state university, established in

1883, was still a very young, meagerly equipped institution. Sir Svante had been intensely interested in its establishment and development. His gift more than doubled the library holdings at that time, and the addition was, of course, heartily welcomed. The collection covered a wide range of subject matter—literature, history, biography, travel, science, philosophy, art. Included were many first editions of American literature, immense folios and engravings, valuable old newspapers, and unbound manuscripts. About two-thirds of the books were in English, the remainder in Swedish, German, Latin and French. Their dates ranged from the 1600's through the 1890's.

Sir Svante supervised personally the removal of the books from his home to the university, going with every wagon load.

From that time on, up until the very week of his death some two years later, the gentle old man was to be seen every day at the library, lovingly caring for his books, and guiding young men and young women in the proper use of the "greatest works of the greatest minds in the world."

He died in June, 1899, at the age of 84. His funeral services were conducted from the auditorium of the institution which he

"so well loved and materially befriended."

His generosity did not go unrecognized. The legislature of the State of Texas passed a resolution of thanks for the gift, representing "the whole people's gratitude." The Board of Regents of the University of Texas adopted similar resolutions, acknowledging the University's indebtedness to this "friend and benefactor, whose scholarly tastes, wide learning, pure life, sterling character, deep faith and unselfish generosity made him conspicuous and honored as a citizen, a scholar and philanthropist."

An excellent oil painting of him was presented to the library at a special ceremony. Shortly before his death, Elizabeth Ney, the famous Austin sculptor, made a marble bust of him, a work which is now considered one of her best. Fittingly, both the painting and the statue still occupy conspicuous places in the University library—now one of the finest in the country.

Time has proved Mr. Swenson 100 per cent wrong. True, Sir Svante's books have not "paid off" in dollars and cents. But they have brought rich returns to the thousands of Texas youths who for more than fifty years have shared in the inheritance.

Mayme Evans is instructor in Corpus Christi College, Texas. This essay is published by courtesy of the Swedish American Line to whom it was submitted in the contest on the subject of "The Influence of Swedish Settlers on a Community or Region."



Through Music to Norway

By MARTHA B. LAUNDER

"If there is in my music anything of lasting value, it will live; if not, it will perish . . . for I am convinced that truth will prevail ultimately."—EDVARD GRIEG

THAT IS THE REAL Grieg speaking; and it is Norway speaking, for, to me, no one more completely characterizes Norway than Grieg; no one breathes the abounding spirit of Scandinavia into his art more thoroughly than Grieg, yet no one does it more gently and with less obviousness. Scandinavians, and especially Norwegians, seem to be of a oneness with the land—the fjords—the lakes—the mountains; everything seems all bundled together, and the perfume of it all is the breath of Scandinavia.

It is this depth, fullness of understanding, and joy unbounded yet tranquil, that Grieg captured in his music. There is a little mysticism fused with delicate gaiety in his compositions. Perhaps it is all this that has made Grieg's music so intensely fascinating to me. And again I wonder if this fascination for both Grieg and Norway does not stem back to a much simpler origin.

Among my most treasured recollections of early childhood are the stories of Sweden, and little Swedish girls my age, told to me by two of the loveliest personalities I have ever known—and both most attractive in appearance—our two (at different times) Swedish maids. The seed of my interest in Scandinavia was sown then—a feeling for the "North."

Later, during my training in music with Mrs. Carl Busch, came an acquaintance with Sir Carl Busch, who was knighted by the King of Denmark for his orchestral compositions. It was then that I studied Grieg—and literally "fell in love" with him and his music.

I shall not presume any judgment of Grieg—only impressions. And to have any value, impressions must be born of

an acquaintance with the artist when he was young, and his talent developing.

Grieg's home surroundings offered every inducement to the development of a genius. Both parents were musical; his mother had outstanding success as a concert artist; she toured Europe, and played numerous concerts with the London Symphony Orchestra. She gave Grieg his first music lesson at the age of six—and the long Scandinavian evenings were spent in little family concerts. These concerts undoubtedly developed the harmonic understanding of being and living which breathes beauty into Grieg's compositions.

The harmony of his home life, and his overpowering love of the mystical bigness of nature and its beauties, fused into his musical growth. It is doubtless this fusion that produced that distinctive quality in his music which many critics call "definitely Norse"—probably for lack of a more specific term.

Although unquestioned genius manifested itself early in Grieg's life, favorable circumstances were influential in guiding his career and developing his genius. Of these favorable circumstances, perhaps the first was an early meeting with Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, who quickly recognized Grieg's talent and influenced him to go to Leipzig for study. The Conservatory there not only provided "top" instruction, but led to associations which began a widening circle of friendships—friendships that gave the human pulse to his creative genius. Arthur Sullivan was one of these. The young English composer was one of a group of six English students at the Conservatory who were rapidly making musical history—

and Grieg admired them immensely, so much that he was stimulated to indefatigable work. His first compositions were created at the Conservatory.

But Grieg's physique was not up to his genius, and a complete physical breakdown followed—a breakdown that scarred his health for the rest of his life. But as with Beethoven, Wagner, and many others, physical handicaps couldn't stifle the urge to create. In fact, the surmounting of the handicap seemed to give added strength to his creative genius.

At this time Grieg was a young man of twenty, and his recognition was widening. His friendships were reaching into the higher circles of music: Gade—Bull—Nordraak. Though it is reported that much of Grieg's finest early training was with Gade, the most eminent teacher of that time, still in Grieg's own letters he says that he never had a lesson from Gade. But he did play for him. Gade recognized the untouched possibilities, for when he heard Grieg play one of his own compositions, he tersely advised: "Go home and write a symphony."

In two weeks Grieg returned with the first movement of a symphony—and Gade's encouragement was another spur. By now Grieg's direction was well defined, and the earnestness and humility with which he attacked his work impressed more and more of the outstanding musicians.

His friendship with Ole Bull had grown to an almost spiritual companionship. On hikes and trips into the mountains, long hours of silent understanding were punctuated by Bull's whispered, mystical interpretations of Nature in all of her manifestations. The chirping of insects, the flutter of wings, the whispering of the leaves—every sound provided a musical theme for Bull; he dipped them in the cool snows of Norway, and let them echo through the fjords, then let them scamper across the summer green. It may well be the influence of this companionship which is expressed in Grieg's

Papillion—his *Birdling*—and *To Spring*. There is in them a trueness that is more than a mere portrayal of local color. They speak of a oneness of understanding. Bull sang it out on the violin strings; Grieg sang it out on the piano. There must have been a creative unison between the two artists, for they spent long evening hours playing together.

Another deeply treasured companionship was that of Nordraak, the young composer of brilliant promise. The nearness of their ages (only one year's difference) provided a warmth of friendship that only youth can offer youth. There was a forthrightness and courage about Nordraak and his compositions which swept over Grieg's timidity, absorbed it, and unleashed the fullness of his talent. Together they formed the Euterpe Society in 1864—a group of musical artists organized for the purpose of bringing to light the compositions of young composers. Among the first successes of the group was Grieg's sonata for piano-forte, composed in eleven days; then followed his violin sonata.

But the impetus that Nordraak provided was doomed to tragic brevity, for at twenty-four he died.

To Grieg the peak in musical achievement was Franz Liszt, whose opinions, talent, and advice were always unchallenged—unquestioned. So it was with overwhelming elation that Grieg received an unsolicited letter from Liszt in December 1868, which read: "Monsieur: It gives me great pleasure to tell you of the sincere enjoyment I derived from the perusal of your Sonata No. 8. It bears witness to a strong talent for composition, a talent that is reflective, inventive, and provided with excellent material; it needs only to follow its natural inclination to rise to high rank."

The letter prompted Grieg to visit Liszt. The latter's admiration and high praises established in Grieg's mind the rightness of his direction. Another important outcome of the visit was that through Liszt, Grieg obtained a grant

from the government enabling him to give up teaching and conducting for a living, and to devote his entire time to composing. Then came the peak of his achievement: he was asked by Ibsen to compose the music for *Peer Gynt*.

By this time Grieg's genius had gained world recognition. It was slowly taking its stand along with Chopin, Wagner, Beethoven, and, in the judgment of some critics, with Brahms. Like them, he was completely "National" in feeling, yet so world-wide in understanding that his compositions sing a musical story in a "world-language" that is shaded with Norway—or, more accurately, "tinted" with Norway—and with an occasional highlight of folklore.

Grieg's villa at Troldhaugen, where he spent the last years of his life, offered him all the beauty of nature. High on a ledge, overlooking a lake, with the mountains forming the perfect backdrop of exquisite beauty, the villa became a meet-

ing place of the musical and intellectual leaders of Europe—especially as declining health confined Grieg more and more. His intense love of nature—and the stimulus it offered—prompted Grieg to have a cabin of his own some distance removed from the main house, a cabin only large enough for him and his piano. There he spent hours upon hours playing, composing, and revising—never seemingly lonesome. As his photograph looks out at me, I can almost see him there—a small man, with fine features, a sensitive mouth, and deep-set, blue eyes that told of the visionary mind from which his creations emanated; shaggy brows, and rather long hair brushed carelessly back.

And for a world of admirers, his later life is associated with that hideaway, with the familiar and much-publicized photograph of Grieg plowing through the snow, with his umbrella tucked under his arm, up and up the narrow path to the snug little cabin.

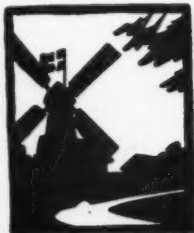
An essay for the course in Scandinavian Civilization at the University of Kansas City. Miss Martha Launder is editor of a trade publication in horology,
THE STEMWINDER.

The Hollow

BY CLARE SHELLEY

I LOVE the ragged shapes of windswept dunes
That look upon a shifting sea and sky.
I love the limpid calm of warm lagoons
Beyond salt-water meadows, brown and dry.
There is a solemn beauty in the clouds
That move like galleons on a sunlit sea,
And humor in the scurrying, busy crowds
Of sandpeep out for fare the tide sets free.
I love them all, but love our hollow best,
Scooped out by winds in curving waves of sand;
And there with you I feel all life expressed
In interplay of thought and touch of hand.
Swift, changeful beauty in your face, above
My own, has taught me what I know of love.

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



DENMARK

IN EUROPE NOWADAYS no news is usually good news, and this is true of little Denmark during the last quarter. However, the almost insolvable problem of the Danish inhabitants of South Slesvig who want to come back to Mother Denmark, did take our Foreign Minister, good Gustav Rasmussen, over to London to discuss this business with the British authorities who now occupy that congested area of this confused planet. The conversations were sympathetic and amicable. Britain would like as much as Denmark to get rid of the hundreds of thousands of poor Germans who have fled from Soviet Germany for refuge in this former Danish territory. But the problem is not easy and not likely to be solved in our lifetime.

A second London visit took place in October when the Royal couple as well as Dowager Queen Alexandrine went over to London for the Danish Art Exhibition much visited by admiring Britons. The King and Queen were guests at Buckingham Palace, while Queen Alexandrine lived with Queen Mary. Incidentally the Infant Prince Charles of Edinburgh is the first heir to the British Crown in direct descent from the last Danish King of England, Harthacanute, who died in 1042.

THE DANES ARE EXCITED ABOUT the recent governmental conferences of the three Scandinavian Powers, largely secret, to discuss a possible customs union and joint military defense. At any rate, the coffee ration in Denmark was raised a little for Christmas! Danes offered to send Christmas food to Norway; the Norwegians politely said they really did not need it, but the Danes sent food parcels to Norway surreptitiously!

THE KING has been known as an amateur orchestra leader, but he created quite a sensation recently directing an orchestra in public—this for gramophone records.

THE UNITED STATES sent its first woman envoy extraordinary to Denmark, Bryan's famous daughter Mrs. Rohde, who married a Danish captain. Denmark has sent its first woman minister to Iceland, Bodil Begtrup of U. N.

A SHIPMENT OF AMERICAN PRUNES—the first since before the war and now made possible through the Marshall Aid—reached Denmark a few days before Christmas and was first-page news. Trucks from all over Denmark congregated at the pier in Copenhagen and rushed this rare fruit to every part of the country.

FRENCH AUTHORITIES have taken the last 2500 German refugees from Denmark. They were repatriated at New Year's.

THE ECONOMIST, London financial weekly, reports that of the six Marshall Aid countries which have restored industrial output to at least 1937 levels Denmark is second. Norway leads with a volume index of 138 for June, 1948 (1937-100). The other five lands in order are: Denmark (121), France (115), United Kingdom (114), Sweden (112) and the Netherlands (109).

VICTOR SCHIOLER, the eminent Danish pianist, has returned for an American concert tour. His first appearance was on January 28, at Carnegie Hall in New York. During his tour, Mr. Schioler will be the soloist with the Chicago and the Detroit Symphony orchestras.



Haakon Nielsen

*The Crown Princess Reviews an Exhibition of
Denmark's Royal Silver*

IN CONNECTION WITH economic arrangements concluded between the Danish authorities and representatives of the Faroes, the Danish National Bank will issue special Faroese currency. The Faroese *krona* will have the same value as the Danish *kroner* and shall be covered by Danish *kroner* deposited in the Danish National Bank. The Danish Foreign Office has presented the new Faero flag in silk to The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

THE ECONOMIC COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION and the Export-Import Bank have announced the signing of a loan agreement with Denmark for \$25,000,000 by Ambassador Henrik Kauffmann and Chairman of the Board of the Bank, W. McC. Martin, Jr. Denmark will use the loan primarily to finance the purchases of raw materials and various kinds of equipment. This sum represents that amount of ECA assistance which is to be made available to Denmark on a loan basis during the first nine months of operation. The agreement calls for an interest rate of two and one-half per cent per annum payable semi-annually beginning in 1952.

Principal payments will be paid semi-annually beginning in 1956. The final loan payment is due at the end of 1983, a 35-year maturity date.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER—*Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen—celebrated its 200th anniversary on January 3, 1949. Started by Ernest Henrich Berling on January 3, 1749, the newspaper is still owned by the Berling family. On the occasion of the jubilee a motion picture traced the history of *Berlingske* during two hundred years.

THE ROYAL THEATRE, OPERA, AND BALLET observed its 200th Jubilee on December 18, 1948. During the two weeks preceding the Jubilee, beginning on December 3, the birthday of Ludvig Holberg (1684-1728), the father of the Danish stage, a series of classical and modern programs were given including Holberg, Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Strindberg, Ewald, Wessel, Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, Hertz, and Hostrup; also Henri Nathansen, Sven Clausen (*Paladsrevolution*), Kaj Munk, Knud Sonderby, Soya, and Kjeld Abell.



A. Moe

*King and Premier of Denmark at the
Inauguration of Broadcast Denmark*



ICELAND

JULY 3 ICELAND ENTERED into an agreement with the United States regarding the Economic Reconstruction of Europe (Marshall Plan). Shortly after, Iceland was granted a loan by the Export-Import Bank in Washington amounting to \$2,250,000 in order to buy machinery for a floating herring oil factory. Later Iceland received an allocation within the Marshall Plan for \$11,000,000 to the middle of 1949. This allocation is already being used, for Iceland "gave" to the other participants of the Paris organization herring oil and herring meal for \$1,900,000 and frozen fish

for \$3,500,000. This generosity was equalled by the United States which "gave" the equivalent value in dollars.

THE NEXT STEP in the ECA was the preparation of a four-year plan, which was laid before the Althing when it gathered in October. According to the plan 542.8 million Icelandic kronur shall be invested. This is equivalent to \$85,000,000 or about \$21,000,000 a year.

The first four-year plan amounted to 300 million kronur and is now completed. The main stress of that was laid on renewing the fishing fleet. There were bought thirty-three new trawlers and about eighty new motor vessels. The effect of that policy is already visible in the trade balance for 1948 when Iceland exported for about 400 million kronur compared to 290 million kronur in 1947 and about 70 million in the years before the war.

IN THE NEW PLAN only twelve new trawlers will be bought, but several new freight steamers shall be built to take care of the greatly increased freight traffic. 70 million kronur are to be invested in these steamers. In 1947 the freight paid to foreign ships amounted to over 50 million kronur.

The main stress of the new plan is, however, laid on electrification of the numerous waterfalls. Power stations shall be built for 130 million kronur and 40 million kronur shall be spent for power lines, or about 30 per cent of the expenses of the whole plan.

When the electricity supply is assured Iceland plans to build plants to produce cement (19.5 million kronur), artificial fertilizers (45 million kronur), and to refine such products as herring oil. In the plan such things as new dry docks, fish meal factories, and a thousand and one other things are foreseen.

QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE think the pace of the investing is too fast. In spite of the greatly increased export, austerity is rearing its gaunt head at every turn. Queues are growing longer and scarcity of necessities seems to be worse than ever. So-called luxuries are of course unavailable, but there is also great shortage of textiles and other things that could not be classed as such.

IN SPITE OF THE IRRITATION of queues and shortages of different kinds the Icelanders have rallied round the coalition government. The communists are the only party in opposition. They have for four years had the sole power in the Trade Union Council.

In November the general meeting was held and with devastating results for the communists, who were cleared out of every post of leadership in the organization and lost majority in most of the local unions. The results were so hopeless that though the die-hards in the party wanted to declare the election results invalid, on technical grounds, even their own followers could not be induced to vote for this expediency.

The Icelanders think that the communist wave has definitely passed its peak, even in spite of the support of the spiritual fatherland of all communists. It was brought to light that the Russian legation in Iceland had imported a considerable quantity of leftist illustrated magazines and sold them to a few leftist booksellers. It is unusual that legations use their diplomatic mail privileges to import goods for sale, but Icelanders are glad to hear they had paid properly for these magazines, for they were afraid they were delivered under some kind of Molotovplan.



OVERWHELMING SUPPORT for the foreign policy program followed by the Norwegian Government to date was voted by Parliament, December 10, when all representatives—with the exception of the body's ten communist members—joined in support of a policy first outlined in detail by Foreign Minister Lange in an address before Parliament, October 30. At that time, the Foreign Minister observed that in light of existing differences among the great powers, the United Nations alone could not provide adequate security for the member states, and possibilities of a regional defense pact within the U.N. framework were being investigated. "We, like others," he stated, "are forced to investigate other media for solving our security problem, and we naturally think first of the possibilities of expanding Northern cooperation." Again, December 6, he reiterated Norway's concern for the conclusion of such a defense pact, and noted that investigations then under way would determine whether the prerequisites essential for such cooperation among Denmark, Sweden, and Norway were found to exist and to what extent Scandinavian defense cooperation within the framework of the United Nations might be sufficient to meet Norway's security requirements. These tri-national investigations, under way at year's end, were expected to be concluded by February 1, 1949.

Earlier, Norway's stake in the success of the United Nations was increased, October 8, when 44 of 53 votes cast assured that country a seat on the U.N. Security Council. In Norway and abroad, this first-ballot election was interpreted as an expression of confidence on the part of the member nations.

IN LINE WITH PRESENT POLICY aimed at preventing Norway from becoming "a military vacuum in world power politics," as expressed by Foreign Minister Lange, an extraordinary preparedness grant of \$22,400,000 was appropriated by Parliament on December 10. This was the second extraordinary appropriation of its kind to be passed this year—the first grant for \$20,000,000 being approved March 16. Funds for Norway's Civilian Defense Organization were doubled under the second grant. By early October, over 93,500 men were registered for training with the Norwegian Home Guard. Training programs organized throughout the country have proven immensely popular, and by year's end the bulk of the Home Guard trainees had been issued weapons and uniforms. Describing the significance of this new force for Norway's defense program, Col. M. Haukeland, addressing the Military Society in Oslo October 12, referred to the Home Guard as "Norway's Standing Army," and revealed that in event of mobilization, over 90 per cent of its members could be at their posts within from one to three hours. Home Guard units are being trained for duty within all three branches of the armed services.

Early in the fourth quarter, four thousand Norwegian occupation troops were transferred from the Harz Mountains to the South Schleswig sector of northern Germany. Under an agreement recently signed by Defense Ministers of Great Britain and Norway, Norwegian troops will continue to serve as occupation forces in Germany until March 1, 1951.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENTS during the last three months of 1948 were headed by publication of the Government's four-year recovery program. This long-range economic plan was prepared for presentation to the Organization for European Economic Cooperation in accordance with its request that all participating lands

map a prospectus of economic changes necessary and financial assistance required to achieve a balance of payments by 1952-53. To accomplish this, the Norwegian plan calls for developing and setting in motion "exchange savers" and "exchange earners" capable of providing an estimated \$200,000,000 in foreign exchange. Most immediate of the various projects to accomplish this end is the restoration of the Norwegian merchant fleet, with a goal of 5,600,000 gross tons of shipping to be reached by the end of 1952. Plans for rationalizing and increasing output of present export industries apply to fisheries, wood processing, mining and metal, and electro-chemical enterprises. The iron mines at Syd Varanger in the Arctic are to be rebuilt and the new electro-steel works now building at Mo i Rana will begin producing by late 1953. Seen as a whole, the 16,816,000,000 kr. (\$3,363,000,000) which Norway feels must be invested during the coming four years to insure a self-sustaining economy will go in large measure to industry (17.8%), shipping (22%), and communications (16%). Of the eight remaining classifications, only two—housing (13.4%) and miscellaneous (11.1%)—will receive more than ten per cent of the total. The program, it is emphasized, is basically a proposal outlining the way in which Norway believes it can balance its foreign economy through cooperation with other Marshall lands. But as a proposal, it must be capable of being fitted in together with similar plans now being developed by other member countries, so that in the end, Europe as a whole will have achieved a balance in its over-all foreign economy. The Four-Year Plan was approved by the Norwegian Parliament October 28.

Marshall aid received by Norway for 1948-49 represented a decisive factor in that country's economy during the past year. During 1948-49, the dollar-import program will total \$167,900,000, of which

approximately half—or \$84,000,000—will represent Norway's direct portion of Marshall aid under the allocation ratio agreed upon by the participating lands. Without this aid, Norway's dollar imports would have to be reduced by some fifty per cent, with resulting cuts in the food ration and investment program.

BUILDING STATISTICS PRESENTED at the Norwegian Architects' Fall Exhibit in Oslo show that new homes built during 1947 were some 120 per cent above those constructed during the best of the immediate pre-war years, and the number now building far exceeds similar figures for 1938-39. Present estimates place 1948 building at about the same levels as 1947, bringing the total number of dwellings constructed in Norway since liberation to 36,500 units. Many years must pass, however, before the need created by the war-time building slump is fully met.

CONSUMERS' GOODS, in light of the tense exchange situation and the concentration on capital investment, have marked a shortage. Supplies of yule-tide delicacies were very limited and closely rationed, and Norwegians celebrated a Christmas as austere as any since the war. In the words of Elling Ouren, chief of the Marshall Plan Secretariat in the Norwegian Government, "Our dollars must go for the import of essential goods so that we can have the good things in the future. It doesn't help us to eat our cake before it is made."

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH registered progress in the year-end report of the newly-created Royal Council for Scientific and Industrial Research recently made public. The report, covering the first full year of operation, notes that by June 30, 1948, the organization had awarded research and trainee scholarships totalling \$30,000, primarily for study in the United States. An additional \$50,000 was

allocated as research grants, or for the purchase of special equipment. The Council is also organizing a Central Institute for Industrial Research toward which the Ministry of Industry has already granted \$300,000 for the construction of a central research plant. Nuclear research under the new Institute of Atomic Energy, another of the Council's projects, is progressing steadily. Over \$1,000,000 has been granted by the Government toward the construction of a 100 kw heavy-water uranium pile. Norwegian uranium and heavy water, sufficient for this experimental unit, are now being mined and processed, according to a recent statement by Gunnar Randers, atomic research head. The atomic center is now building at Kjeller near Oslo.

Research was further advanced during the last quarter with installation of Norway's first electron microscope. Installed at the University of Oslo's Bacteriological Institute, the complicated instrument was earlier purchased in the United States. The \$25,000 purchase price was presented to the Institute as a gift from Norwegian shipowner Erling H. Samuelsen.

NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE in Finnmark Province, the village of Kautokeino may soon be the site for a new Scandinavian cultural center. Norwegian and Swedish educators, meeting recently at the University of Oslo, proposed that a center for nomadic Laplanders be developed there—one which will center about a modern training school for Lapp youth. Dr. Gutorm Gjessing, Norwegian specialist, believes that an active program launched with a minimum of delay will be of great value in developing this neglected cultural area. Preparation of a new ABC-book with texts in both the Lapp and Norwegian languages was also announced by Norwegian Church and Education Minister Lars Moen. The new textbook represents another phase of the Govern-

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ment's program to preserve the language and culture of the 20,000-odd Lapps now living in Norway. Of the fifty Lapp dialects, specialists have chosen the Kautokeino form as a basis for standardization and instruction.

THE NEW NORWEGIAN LIBRARY ACT scheduled to go into effect on July 1, 1949, has stimulated students to apply for admission to the State Librarian School in Oslo. The number of applicants has tripled since the legislation was passed a year ago. Under the law, it will be compulsory for every Norwegian village and city to establish a free library capable of serving its populace. State aid to municipalities will make this possible.

OSLO IS ALREADY ANTICIPATING the winter of 1952 when Norway will play host to the world's winter Olympic contenders. Among the many projects now being planned is a stadium to be erected at Sogn on the outskirts of the capital which will seat 80,000 spectators. The proposed structure will be used for the opening and closing ceremonies, for the skating competitions, and for the start and finish of the ski competitions. Under the program, the famed Holmenkollen ski jump is to be expanded to provide place for 120,000 spectators, and an artificial ice-hockey rink is to be built at Jordal. The housing program includes construction of a "Student Village" near Sogn—a complex providing accommodations for one thousand participants during the games, and for an equal number of students following the end of the competitions. In this manner, a long step will have been taken toward solving the pressing housing problems of students now attending college and university in the Norwegian capital. Accommodations on a single-room basis in three-story units are expected to cost the students as little as \$8.00 per month.



A POLL, COVERING SWEDEN, NORWAY, AND DENMARK, asking people's opinion in foreign policy matters, was concluded in December by the Swedish Gallup Institute. The result, according to the Liberal Stockholm daily, *Dagens Nyheter*, was of great significance. Writing editorially, the paper said, "This poll proves that public opinion in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—or, rather, the opinion of those who expressed one—is overwhelmingly for cooperation with other Scandinavian countries as well as with the Western Powers. . . . The endorsement of a Scandinavian collaboration by itself is, as one would expect, enormously strong. But of the greatest importance is the fact that in all three countries the majority of those who expressed an opinion believe that a Scandinavian agreement must be combined with a cooperation with the West." Another Liberal paper, the Gothenburg *Handelstidningen*, wrote that "without America's aid, Europe would be lost. The salvation of Europe is found in a defense alliance which includes all the Atlantic powers. This Atlantic security system, the organization of which is now being worked out, has become an historic necessity, the only alternative to a united Soviet Europe. The call has come from the West, and it is only right that it is combined with definite demands for a consolidation of the European democracies' own means of defense."

WITH TRADITIONAL POMP AND CEREMONY, the 1948 Nobel Festival was observed in the Stockholm Concert House on December 10, the day on which, in 1896, Alfred Nobel, inventor of nitroglycerine and donor of the prizes which bear his name, died in San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. For the first time, Crown



Monkmeyer

Swedish Bishop Brilioth and the widow of Archbishop Söderblom at the Christian Congress in Amsterdam 1948

Prince Gustaf Adolf took the place of his ninety-year-old father, King Gustaf, in presenting to each of the winners the Nobel Medal, a specially designed and illuminated parchment address, and the check, which in 1948 amounted to 159,772 kronor, or about \$44,400. The four recipients were T. S. Eliot, American-born poet, the Literary Prize; Dr. Paul Mueller, of Switzerland, the Medicine Prize; Dr. Patrick M. S. Blackett, of Manchester, England, the Physics Prize, and Dr. Arne Tiselius, of Upsala, the Chemistry Prize. Aside from the Crown Prince and Crown Princess Louise, the members of the royal family included Prince Carl and Princess Ingeborg, Prince Wilhelm, the King's youngest son, the widowed Princess Sibylla, and Prince Bertil, who last summer headed an official delegation to the United States in connection with the Swedish Pioneer Centennial in the Middle West.

Dr. Tiselius, noted biochemist, received his award for "his development of two methods for biochemical study of proteins, enzymes, and other substances, and for his methods of electrophoresis and absorption analysis." Dr. Blackett was cited for "his development of the Wilson method of studying the courses of radioactive particles and his discoveries in cosmic radiation." Professor Mueller was honored for having discovered the strong insect-killing powers of DDT. Professor Tiselius, who was born in Stockholm in 1902, became professor in biochemistry at Upsala University in 1938. From 1934 to 1935 he conducted studies at Princeton University. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences and an honorary member of the Harvey Society in New York. At the Nobel banquet, at the City Hall, which followed the award ceremony, Dr. Blackett expressed his conviction that the discovery of atomic energy did not mean the end of the world. "Our generation will survive," he said, "and will be able to enjoy the peaceful fruits of this power."

An analysis of the writings of T. S. Eliot was given by Anders Österling, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, which awards the Nobel Literary Prize. He is himself one of Sweden's most distinguished poets. Eliot's poetry, he said, "is marked by a sense of strict responsibility and an extraordinary self-discipline. It is alien to all emotional clichés, completely aimed at the essential, stark, rugged, and unadorned, but now and then illuminated by a sudden ray from the timeless region of miracles and revelations."

MINISTER KLAS BÖÖK, head of the trade division of the Foreign Office, was made Governor of the Bank of Sweden, succeeding Ivar Rooth, who resigned December 4. Born in 1909, Mr. BööK has earlier served as Assistant Governor before assuming his Foreign Office post.

The Governor of the Bank of Sweden is not appointed, but elected by the Riksdag.

THE SERIOUSNESS of the international military and political situation compels Sweden to strengthen its national defense, wrote General Helge Jung, Commander-in-Chief of all the Swedish armed forces in November in a message to the Government. Among other things, he urged the resumption of refresher and training courses. He also asked for a further thirty million kronor for the purchase of particularly vital materiel and the permission to order supplies of army and defense equipment to a sum of fifty-eight million kronor. Other requests included an additional allotment of foreign exchange and an industrial priority for the defense, amounting to three per cent of the total output of the metal working industries. Such construction of fortifications and air fields that have been budgeted for in 1949 should be finished in that year, and one-third of such work for which funds had been asked for the next budget year should also be carried out in 1949. General Jung emphasized in his message that all these requests represent what he at the time considered to be minimum requirements.

A number of new armored divisions will be added to the Swedish national defense as soon as possible, according to a Government decision, announced in December. They will receive materiel priority over all other army units, and will form an elite corps as to ordnance, mobility, and personnel. The Government's order is based on recommendations by the newly appointed Chief of the Army, Lieutenant General Count Carl August Ehrensvärd.

New super-rapid automatic guns, designed especially for the defense against jet-propelled aircraft and guided missiles, have been developed at the Bofors iron works and ordnance plant in central Swe-

den. Certain models have been demonstrated to Swedish and British artillery experts, who praised them highly. During the Second World War, the reputation of the Bofors automatic gun became established. The Swedish designers have now further improved these models, both as to firing speed and to target sighting, horizontally as well as vertically. The new guns are capable of following a target four to five times faster than before. This is a special feature of the 40 millimeter, the 57 millimeter, and the 7.5 centimeter models.

THE 1948 YIELD OF BREAD GRAINS in Sweden was somewhat better than was anticipated at the time bread and flour rationing was discontinued in the beginning of October. The bread grain crop was finally estimated at 1,004,000 tons, which is almost twice as much as last year's extremely poor yield of 542,000 tons. Despite this great increase, the result was still some seven per cent below the average annual crop in the 1930's. The potato harvest nearly broke the record high of 1940, and the sugar beet crop, too, reached a level much higher than earlier average yields. With the aid of Government subsidies, the cultivated acreage of oleiferous plants has doubled in the last few years. The annual crop corresponds to 30,000 tons of margarine, which assures Sweden a sufficient supply of edible fats.

SAMPLES OF SEDIMENT LAYERS, more than three million years old, were brought up from the sea bottom by the Swedish "Albatross" expedition during its fifteen-month cruise around the world. The results obtained on this unique expedition were described in a lecture in November at Upsala University by the leader of the group, Professor Hans Pettersson, of Gothenburg.

Sediment specimens were taken up with a "piston corer," developed by Dr. Börje Kullenberg, noted Gothenburg oceanographer, from depths down to 25,000 feet, the maximum length of the cores being sixty-six feet. By means of acoustic soundings with the aid of depth charges it was found that the sediment layer at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean in certain places was no less than 11,000 feet thick which, said Professor Pettersson, was a strong argument against the conception that this ocean is a fairly recent natural development. The echo soundings regularly made by the expedition along its route, yielded many fascinating results. "If anyone believes that the bottom of the ocean is more or less flat, I am able to correct this thought," said Professor Pettersson, adding that there is, for instance, a high submarine mountain range in the middle of the Atlantic, serrated by deep valleys. Many hauls of deep-sea fish were also made; they proved the existence of life at as great a depth as 22,000 feet!

JOEL BERGLUND, leading Swedish baritone singer, on December 3 was made head of the Royal Opera in Stockholm. Born in 1903, he has been attached to the Royal Opera since 1929. Outside of New York and Stockholm, he has been heard in Chicago, Buenos Aires, Vienna, Zurich, Bayreuth, and Berlin. For three consecutive seasons he has been engaged at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He succeeds Harald André, who retires because of age. Mr. Berglund will not assume his new post until July 1, 1949, but before that time will take an active part in the preparations for the 1949-1950 season. He will remain at the Metropolitan until the end of March, but will have to forego the Opera ensemble traditional country-wide tour which starts after the end of the New York season. Of his plans for the future, Mr. Berglund revealed to newspaper men that he will try to per-

suade Jussi Björling to remain as long a period as possible each year at the Stockholm Opera, that he hopes to have some chance to appear there himself, and that he aims to make Sweden's youth more conscious of and familiar with opera as musical art. With this in mind, he will increase the number of special performances for children, in close collaboration with the school authorities.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE JANUARY, 1946, Sweden's foreign trade in October, 1948, showed an export surplus. It amounted to twenty million kronor, or \$5,600,000. Exports increased by some 25 million kronor, as compared with the preceding month, to 380 million kronor, or about \$106,000,000, while imports went down by practically the same amount to 360 million kronor, or \$100,000,000. In comparison with October, 1947, exports increased by 11 million kronor, whereas imports decreased by 162 million. For the first ten months of 1948, the surplus of imports amounted to 937 million kronor, against 1,797 million for the same period of 1947.

NEW LIGHT has been thrown on the nation's buying habits in a country-wide investigation made by the Special Service Board in Stockholm. Less money is spent on food than in previous years, and such staples as milk, meat, and butter do not occupy the central position in people's diet as believed on the basis of earlier polls. On the other hand, the consumption of beer and mineral water is heavier. More money is also spent on houses and apartments, while the outlay for clothing and shoes has gone down. Cleaning materials and other hygienic aids cost more, and a bigger portion of the budget is now devoted to medical care, intellectual pursuits, and amusements. Less money is being spent on alcoholic beverages, but more than twice as much on tobacco.

AN INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION for the planning of a new traffic artery between the eastern and southern parts of Stockholm, announced in February, 1948, by the city planning board, is attracting great interest both at home and abroad. About 350 copies of the competition program have been distributed so far; well over fifty per cent of these have been requested by foreign architects, among them some of America's foremost city planners. The new traffic artery, to be called "Österleden," will form an important part of a system of avenues included in the future plan of Stockholm, aimed at reducing the strain on its central thoroughfares. The plans call for a high bridge or a tunnel across the inlet to the harbor of Stockholm, a main artery across the island of Djurgården, which also is to be connected with the mainland by a new bridge or tunnel, and, finally, an extensive system of approaches and feeder roads. A sum of 60,000 kronor, or about \$16,700, has been set aside for prizes and the purchase of plans. The competition closes April 1, 1949.

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the Swedish Federation of Labor (L.O.), in which

all the member trade unions are represented, met in Stockholm in November to discuss the Federation's attitude toward current economic problems. The Council decided to recommend to the unions that they prolong existing collective agreements in unchanged form. The Federation, in other words, supports the Government in its attempt to halt the wage-price spiral. Its recommendation will be discussed further by the various unions. Since the majority of the large agreements expire at the turn of each year, almost one million workers are involved.

In its statement, the Federation emphasized that under present conditions a continued improvement in the living standard of the workers in Sweden cannot be achieved by means of increased incomes, but only on the basis of an expanded production. "Clearly realizing the devastating effects of an inflation, for society as a whole as well as for the individual, the Swedish labor movement cannot reject the Government's appeal for help in the battle against the threatening danger," the resolution read. "The trade union movement is prepared to cooperate with other groups to restore the balance in Sweden's economy."





Ben Greenhaus

**WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, NEW YORK
1948**

(l to r) Rt. Rev. Monsignor Christopher J. Weldon; Lady Margaret Armstrong; Drew Pearson, well-known Washington commentator who was recently decorated by His Majesty, the King of Norway; Mrs. Alfred E. Driscoll, wife of the Governor of the State of New Jersey; Mrs. B. Lindbergh Goldberg, President of the Norwegian-American Women's Committee; and Governor Alfred E. Driscoll, who is of Norwegian ancestry.

Scandinavians in America

In November the Norwegians of Brooklyn celebrated the eightieth birthday of Andreas N. Rygg by a festival at the Seamen's Church. There were numerous speeches by officials of the Norwegian churches, hospitals, and institutions of Brooklyn. The Norwegian Ambassador made the chief address. It is sad to note that the American artist S. J. Woolf, who added his pen-and-pencil portrait of Dr. Rygg to his gallery of world notables, is dead. Critics have pronounced his portrait of Dr. Rygg, now hung in the New York

offices of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, "a good Woolf."

A daughter of Norwegian parents in Wisconsin, Miss Katherine Barbara Knaplund, is President of the Undergraduate Association of Bryn Mawr College.

The University of Wisconsin has been awarded \$70,000 by Carnegie Corporation for its Scandinavian department. Wisconsin was the first American university, in 1870, to introduce Scandinavian language regularly in its curriculum. Professor Einar Haugen proposes, next au-



UPSALA COLLEGE, NEW JERSEY

One of the New Classroom Buildings, Lars Herman Beck Hall, Designed by Architect Larsen, Financed by Friends of Upsala and President Lawson.

tumn, to begin courses in Scandinavian history, economics, sociology, and the fine arts.

Northwestern is the most recent university to include a regular course in modern Scandinavian.

Harry Hansen, literary critic of the New York *World-Telegram*, has become editor of "The World Almanac," with a present circulation of 600,000. His daily book reviews will be missed by the public, but his weekly column will continue to appear in the *Chicago Tribune* and elsewhere.

Agnes Sundgren, California-born Swedish soprano, gave an all-Swedish recital—Bellman to Söderberg—in Times Hall, New York, January 3. One of Miss Sundgren's missions is the introduction of Swedish music into the Lutheran colleges of America.

Edward Johnson, manager of the Metropolitan Opera, was invested with the insignia of Commander of the Swedish Royal Order of Vasa at a ceremony in the Swedish Consulate General in New York December 3. Jussi Björling and Joel

Berglund paid their vocal tributes to America's great impresario of Swedish music.

Under the auspices of *Stockholms-Tidningen*, in December, an American Lucia flew to Sweden and a Swedish Lucia to America. Both participated in the Lucia parade in Stockholm, December 13. The American Lucia—an Icelandic girl, Asa Gudjohnsen, of Seattle—was heartily greeted by the inhabitants in the Swedish Capital. After arriving by air via the Scandinavian Airlines, the Swedish Lucia, Marianne Hylén, on December 20 in a ceremony at City Hall, New York, presented Mayor O'Dwyer a copy of "The Story of Stockholm," sent to him by C. A. Anderson, president of Stockholm's City Council. She also took part in the Lucia Festival at the Swedish-American Historical Museum in Philadelphia, December 18, and in another Lucia Festival at Vasa Temple in New York, December 19. Later she went to Seattle, Washington, where she was an honor guest at a concert December 26,



"SWEDEN TODAY"

An Exhibition Sponsored by the Swedish Institute at Michigan State College. Professors Leo A. Haak and Russell Fink.

given in remembrance of the late Count Folke Bernadotte.

Mr. Sven Erik Skawonius, Director of the Swedish Society of Arts and Crafts, completed his American tour with an illustrated lecture, November 30, 1948, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in cooperation with The American-Scandinavian Foundation. Mr. Skawonius is a master of understatement. He does not exaggerate the recognized beauties of Swedish industrial design and color, but places his emphasis on the improvement in practical lines and patterns in furniture and household utensils. He dates the campaign for modern design in home and factory from the need awakened at the Malmö Exhibition in 1914.

Larri Lail, Swedish mezzo-soprano, made her New York debut in Town Hall, November 18, 1948, and was generously reviewed by music critics.

Dr. Nils G. Sahlin became director, as of October 1, 1948, of the American In-

stitute of Swedish Arts, Literature, and Science, in Minneapolis. Born in Stockholm, he came to America in his twenties. He received his doctor's degree from Yale University, where he taught several years. He was dean of Russell Sage College and, when the last war came on, joined the Office of Strategic Services. In 1948 he was consultant to the Publications Division of ASF. Dr. Sahlin proposes a vigorous program of publications, exhibitions, and lectures for the Institute in Minneapolis.

Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota, opened its new library October 17, 1948. It houses the large collection of Swedish books assembled by Professor and Mrs. Edwin J. Vickner of the University of Washington.

The Swedish Pioneer Centennial Association has become a permanent body for historical research. Mr. Vilas Johnson of Chicago is president.

Including Texas! A Scandinavian Club of Houston is off to a brave start with

Jussi Björling as its first singer and guest of honor. The aim of the club, which already has three hundred members, is to bring to Texas the arts and music of Scandinavia, as well as Scandinavian industrial craftsmanship.

Mr. Mogens Lind, the Danish humorist whose book *We Danes—and You* has endeared Denmark to Americans, and his wife—the singer and actress, Lillian Ellis—spent the autumn in New York. Lillian Ellis will broadcast regularly by short wave from Denmark to America. Mr. Lind will contribute a humorous essay to our REVIEW.

Lord & Taylor, New York, had the distinction last season of exhibiting the modern decorative fabrics of Denmark. Floral and foliage designs in blue and mustard yellow predominated. Today gay Danish linens and chintzes are brightening many an American home.

Mr. Elon V. Ekman, chairman of Electrolux Corporation and a generous donor to the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has been made a Knight of Vasa.

Aksel Schiotz, great Danish tenor, returned for several recitals in the Town Hall, New York. Some music lovers came from other states to hear him.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at its 46th Exhibition of Water Colors and Prints, awarded the Miniature Society Prize to Malthe M. Hasselriis of New York. Other Americans of Scandinavian lineage exhibiting were Tore Asplund of New York, Ture Bengtz of Massachusetts, Edward Gustave Jacobsson of New York, Frank A. Jensen of California, Herbert Olsen of Connecticut, and Valerie Swenson of New York.

McCoy College of The Johns Hopkins University offered a course 1947-1948 in Scandinavian Literature in English Translation. Carol K. Bang was the instructor. The course included readings from the sagas about Vinland, *Volsunga Saga*, *The Poetic Edda*, Danish Popular Ballads, and comedies by Holberg. It is now planned to repeat these classes 1949-1950.



THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian people,
by means of interchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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The President

Mr. Osborne has been asked to write an introduction to *The United States and Scandinavia* by Professor Franklin Daniel Scott of Northwestern University, to be published by Harvard University Press. Dr. Scott was Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden 1930-1931. His next book will be *A History of Sweden* to be published by the Foundation in our series of nine histories.

Royal Presentation

The President of the Foundation recently presented copies of *A History of Norway* by Karen Larsen, bound in leather, to the King of Norway and the Crown Prince and Princess. At a special ceremony Mr. Osborne read the following dedicatory gift citations:

"To His Majesty King Haakon VII,

"Descendant of Harald I. Fairhair, who has defended the sovereignty and traditions of Norwegian law and freedom in war and peace, this book *A History of Norway*, by an American historian of Norwegian descent is presented with the affection and admiration of The American-Scandinavian Foundation."

"To Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha of Norway.

"Defenders of Democracy in long years of peril

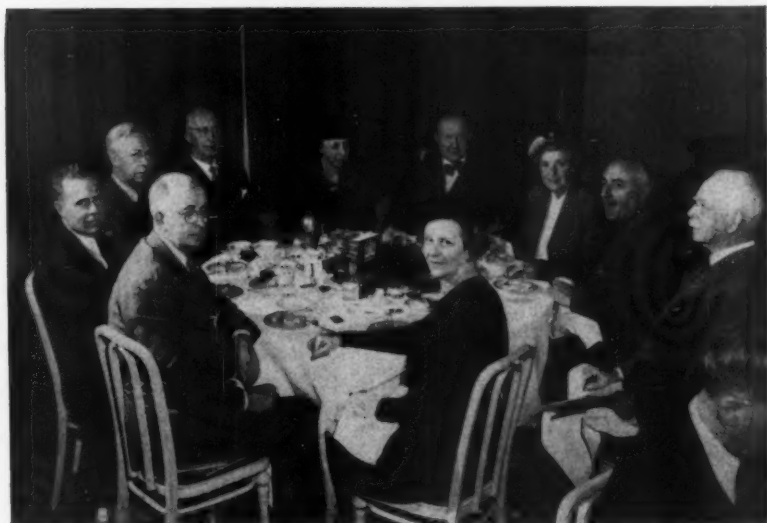
"The American-Scandinavian Foundation presents *A History of Norway*

"With gratitude to His Royal Highness for serving as Honorary Trustee of the Foundation and to Her Royal Highness for accepting our First Scandinavian Gold Medal."

Trustees

Dr. HARALD C. UREY, Vice-President of the Foundation, now director of the University of Chicago Institute for Nuclear Studies, has during the past two years been studying earth temperatures as recorded in fossils. Shells dating from some sixty million years ago register a temperature environment of about 19 degrees centigrade. If these studies are continued we may know whether our planet is cooling down or warming up.

GEORG UNGER VETLESEN, Vice-President of the Foundation, was invested on December 15, 1948 with the insignia of the Commander of the Royal Order of



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THE LARSEN LUNCHEON

The Speakers' Table at the Luncheon Commemorating the Publication of A History of Norway by Karen Larsen, October 21, 1948. Back Center to Left: Miss Larsen, Ambassador Wilhelm Morgenstierne, Bryn J. Hovde, Datus C. Smith Jr., Fred Melcher, Else De Brun, Lincoln Cromwell, Alfred A. Knopf, Sarah Bubb Schaefer, and Henry Goddard Leach

Vasa. Mr. Vetlesen is chairman of Scandinavian Airlines System and president of the Norwegian American Line and the Bergen Steamship Company.

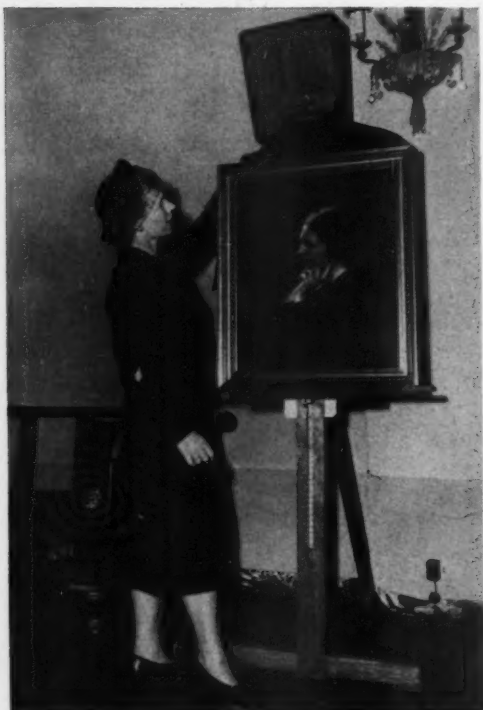
Committee on Publications

The Committee on Publications held its annual meeting in New York December 27. Several states were represented as well as Canada. The members of the Committee are Professor Kenneth Ballard Murdock of Harvard University, chairman, Professor Margaret Schlauch of New York University, secretary, Professor Adolph Burnett Benson of Yale University, Professor Ernest Bernbaum of the University of Illinois, Professor Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur of the University of California, President James Creese of Drexel Institute, Professor Robert Hern-

don Fife of Columbia University, Mr. Erik J. Friis of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, Professor Halldor Hermannsson of Cornell University, Mr. B. W. Huebsch of the Viking Press, Professor Helge Kokeritz of Yale University, Professor William W. Lawrence of Columbia University, Dr. H. G. Leach of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, Mr. Holger Lundbergh of The American-Swedish News Exchange, Professor Kemp Malone of The Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Frederic Schaefer of the Carnegie Institute, and Dr. J. B. C. Watkins of the Canadian Department of External Affairs.

Newsletter

The Foundation is issuing a monthly Newsletter, the first number of which appeared before Christmas.



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UNVEILING

Mrs. Charles V. Haviland, Artist of Topeka, Kansas, Unveils Her Portrait of Hanna Astrup Larsen Presented to the Foundation by Former Secretaries, October 21, 1948

Mr. Osborne stated that the purpose of the Newsletter is to keep Chapters, affiliates, and friends of the Foundation in closer touch with our activities. The Newsletter may be obtained upon request.

Donors

We welcome into the Foundation family the new donors who are daily contributing amounts large and small to maintain the growing work of the Foundation.

Christmas Party

The annual corporation reception for Foundation students in the New York Area was held December 28 in China

House, as the Foundation building was not large enough for the 150 attending.

Former Fellows

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, American Fellow to Denmark 1924-1925, with his wife edited a St. Nicholas anthology for children that appeared before Christmas.

HELGI LARSEN, Fellow from Denmark 1943-1944, and curator in Denmark's National Museum, last summer explored by plane the shores of Bering Sea north of Bristol Bay. He found scores of sites of the Ipiutaks, prehistoric Eskimos who came from Asia with implements showing a relatively advanced culture. *Time Magazine* published a photograph of Dr. Larsen holding a chain made of walrus ivory.

JOHANNES CHRISTIAN TROELSEN, Fellow from Denmark 1943-1944, was the geologist of The Danish Expedition to Thule and Ellesmere Land 1939-40. Unable to return to Denmark from the Arctic because of the German Occupation, he was granted a Fellowship by the Foundation and reached New York by American cutter from Greenland. He continued his scientific work in American museums and universities. The account of that expedition has now appeared in a book by its zoologist Christian Vibe (*Langthen og nordpaa*, Gyldendal, 1948). The explorers were longer in the Arctic than they had expected. They mapped territory discovered by Sverdrup in 1898, and visited Grant Land and Grinnell Land. They lost two men, including the doctor, the only man who had neglected to take a physical examination before joining the expedition! There was good meat aplenty from polar bears, walruses, seals, and white hares. Like many Danish popular science books, Mr. Vibe's narrative has almost the charm of a novel.

MISS BERGLIOT RUSTAD, Fellow from Norway 1946-1947, is applying the treat-

ments of infantile paralysis that she studied in America in several hospitals in Norway. Norway hopes to have an institution devoted to the treatment of poliomyelitis.

TORBJÖRN O. CASPERSSON, Fellow from Sweden 1946-1947, director of medical cell research and genetics at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm gave the Salmon Lectures at the Academy of Medicine in New York last November. By studying the chemistry of normal human cells he hopes to find the means of treating cancer and other diseased cells. He measures cell structure with minute exactitude by means of ultra-violet light. All human organisms, he finds, follow the laws of chemistry and physics: "Nothing supernatural, only chemical means."

LEONARD SILK, Lincoln Cromwell Fellow to Sweden 1946-1947, was Associate Professor of Economics in the University of Maine 1947-1948. This year he is Assistant Professor of Economics in Simmons College, Boston. His illustrated book, *Sweden Plans for Better Housing*, published by Duke University Press, Durham, North Carolina (price \$4.00), was the subject of a recent article in the *New York Herald Tribune* entitled "Swedish Housing Designed to Spur Larger Families." In June Dr. Silk was married to Miss Bernice Scher of Atlantic City.

REV. HOWARD JOHNSON, American Fellow to Denmark 1946-1948, a student of Kierkegaard's philosophy, has delivered his first lecture as Professor of Theology at the University of the South, but is spending the present academic year on leave at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

MISS NORMA ARNESEN, Schaefer Fellow to Norway 1946-1947, a graduate student in the present year at Columbia University, has been appointed Student

Secretary of the National Lutheran Council for the western region.

GUNNAR KNUDSEN, Fellow from Norway 1947-1948, gave a violin recital at the Diller-Quaile School of Music, New York, December 7. The violin used by Mr. Knudsen was a Carlo Bergonzoni instrument from 1735, presented to him after the war by former comrades in the Grini concentration camp. So great was the desire for music among the inmates of the camp that somehow a violin was smuggled in for Mr. Knudsen, and he used it on many occasions to give secret concerts for his comrades. These concerts usually began about ten in the evening and, because of the insatiable demand, the music often continued until after two o'clock in the morning. To express their appreciation, very shortly after the liberation, the five thousand former inmates of Grini raised over \$10,000 to purchase the Bergonzoni violin now being used by Mr. Knudsen. Most of the contributions were small amounts, which came from fishermen, farmers, factory people and others of modest resources. Mr. Knudsen has recently given a series of concerts in the Middle West, where he played to many large, enthusiastic audiences. Among Scandinavians in Minnesota, he is known as "the new Ole Bull."

CALEB WARNER, American Fellow to Sweden 1947-1948, has made a comparison of grade marks in technical institutions in Sweden that will make it easy for an American college to place a student from Sweden in the proper class. He has analyzed no less than 20,000 examination marks of recent years at the Stockholm Institute of Technology.

MRS. MARY K. BLOETJES, Fellow to Sweden 1947-1948, has been active in strengthening the relations of American dietetics and home economics with Scan-

dinavia. The Greater New York Dietetics Association, of which she is past president, has sent six hundred magazines and one hundred books to the Northern countries. She has addressed audiences in the United States and urged Americans to attend the Congress of Home Economists in Stockholm this August. Recently she made a return visit to Scandinavia.

Trainees

President Osborne and Mr. Andrews recently attended a Washington conference on the Foundation's trainee program with representatives from the Scandinavian governments and the Departments of State and Agriculture. Plans are being studied to develop the Foundation's trainee program to include agricultural trainees. Since the war several hundred Scandinavian trainees have come to this country through the Foundation.

Two of the Foundation's trainees have been honored for outstanding work. Olof Jonsson, working at Seabrook Farms, solved a manufacturing problem. As a reward, the company is paying the expenses of a Mexico-West Indies holiday trip for Jonsson and a friend, Tore Oredsson, a student in Washington.

John Torkel Wallmark, a Fellow from Sweden and a trainee at the RCA Laboratories, Princeton, N.J., has been awarded a \$100 cash prize and a two-year scholarship to continue his research in Sweden.

Augustana Chapter

The new officers elected at the last annual business meeting were: President, Dr. G. Everett Arden; Vice President, Mr. Mauritz C. Johnson; Treasurer, Miss Mildred Carlson; Secretary, Mrs. Esther A. Albrecht.

The first meeting of the new season was held at Denckmann Memorial Library October 25, and featured an illustrated lecture given by Dr. F. M. Fryxell of the Augustana College faculty, assisted by

Mrs. Fryxell. Dr. and Mrs. Fryxell made an extended journey through Europe, including the Scandinavian lands, last summer. "If the October meeting," writes President Arden, "is an indication of the enthusiasm and interest which our Augustana Chapter will enjoy this season, we can confidently look forward to a most successful season. I am sure you will be interested to know that our Chapter has had the privilege of welcoming into its membership a rather large number of friends who have expressed real appreciation for the work which the Foundation is endeavoring to do." At the next meeting, February 7, Dr. S. E. Engstrom of Minneapolis presented an illustrated lecture giving the highlights of his recent visit to Finland. The March program features a lecture on Iceland.

Boston Chapter

The first meeting of the 1948-49 season of the American-Scandinavian Forum of Greater Boston was held October 29 at Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University. Dr. Elisabeth Deickmann, President, welcomed the members and their guests who filled the parlor to overflowing. The program consisted of four social films: Denmark Grows Up, Health for Denmark, The Seventh Age and People's Holidays. These pictures, depicting the way in which Denmark cares for its inhabitants from infancy through old age, proved to be most interesting as well as instructive. At the close of the formal part of the program, members and guests enjoyed a social hour around the coffee table gaily decorated in Hallowe'en colors, in charge of Dr. Elisabeth Deickmann and Mrs. Sven Linner.

November 26, Dr. Marshall W. S. Swan, Curator of the American-Swedish Historical Museum, gave an illustrated lecture entitled: "They Forgot Where They Came From." Pictures shown included some taken by Dr. Swan on his recent journey to Sweden, together with a



Rudy Larsen

NEW YORK CHAPTER

Left to right: President Sven Holst-Knudsen, Mrs. Leach, Minister of Norway to Mexico Rolf Christensen, Former President Ray Morris

number from the American-Swedish Historical Museum. Dr. Swan was assisted in the showing of his pictures by his father, Reinhold L. Swan, a member of the Forum. As an introduction to his lecture, Dr. Swan read passages from Carl Sandburg's latest book, "Remembrance Rock, in a most appreciate manner." The usual social hour with refreshments brought the pleasant evening to a close.

The Forum recently contributed \$36.00 to The American-Scandinavian Foundation Fund.

Chicago Chapter

The annual Christmas party December 17 was for the students. This is one of the most popular of our events, providing the best opportunity for our members and *all* of the Scandinavian students to get acquainted. The Chapter sent out notices to its members urging them to invite students from Scandinavia in the Chicago area to

their homes. Names and addresses of all these students and their wives were mailed to the members, 8 from Denmark, 4 from Finland, 9 from Iceland, 19 from Norway, 12 from Sweden: total 52.

Professor Johannes Brøndsted of Copenhagen, a foremost scholar in Viking and medieval archaeology and history, and Mrs. Brøndsted were guests of honor at a luncheon October 11 at the Kingsholm Restaurant. Dr. Harold C. Urey presided at the luncheon, and the seventy-two guests assembled listened with keen interest to Professor Brøndsted's account of his experiences and observations while on a study tour, sponsored by the Foundation, to examine all possible evidences of Norse visits to this continent. Among the guests were fourteen students from Scandinavia who are studying in this vicinity.

On the afternoon of October 29, the Chicago Chapter, in cooperation with the other organizations comprising the International Relations Center, held Open



Rudy Larsen

NEW YORK CHAPTER

Left to right: Mrs. Gladys Petch, Mrs. Herman T. Asche, Ray Morris

House at the new quarters in the Lake View Building, 116 South Michigan Avenue, thirteenth floor. More than three hundred persons gathered in the offices, lounge, and the meeting room of the Center.

Dana Chapter

Travel through forty-two countries formed the background from which Mr. Børge Strandnaes, Danish traveler and reporter, drew a word picture of a Dane's impressions of recent events around the world at the September 28 meeting of the Dana Chapter. The lecture, given in Danish, was presented in English by Rev. Paul C. Nyholm, who acted as interpreter for those who did not understand Danish. With the lecturer was his wife, a master silversmith trained by Georg Jensen, and their three children. The family will remain in America, where Strandnaes will be a representative of the Danish press and Mrs. Strandnaes will continue her vocation as a silversmith. A coffee hour

following the lecture made it possible to become acquainted with the Danish family.

"To create goodwill for Denmark among Americans," is the purpose of Dan Christian Andersen in touring America with his film, "What About Little Denmark?" The Dana Chapter presented this lecturer on November 7. The Danish editor is gathering material for short stories on this, his seventh visit to America. Carefully planned photography and charming Danish folk melodies made the showing of the films a pleasant trip to Denmark. Mrs. Andersen accompanies her husband and, with her gracious Scandinavian friendliness, plays an important role in carrying out the "goodwill" purpose of these programs.

New York Chapter

The New York Chapter held two successful social evenings at Sherry's this season. Mr. C. H. W. Hasselriis, Direc-

tor of the Danish Information Office, gave a brilliant address on Scandinavian Unity following a program of technicolor films of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden contributed by three travel bureaus. President Sven Carstensen of Denmark-America Foundation was guest of honor.

At the Chapter's Annual Christmas Party there were addresses by Chapter President Holst-Knudsen, former Chapter President Hilmer Lundbeck Jr., Foundation President Osborne, and Swedish Ambassador Boheman. Both ambassadors emphasized the need of a Foundation building in New York large enough for such occasions. The dazzling Christmas decorations were arranged by Mrs. Albert Van Sand. A granddaughter of Axel Wallenberg, former Swedish Minister to the United States, won an artificial Christmas tree to take home to Sweden. Swedish and American dances continued well into the night.

Santa Barbara Chapter

Two Nobel Prize winners spoke at the dinner of the Santa Barbara Chapter on Nobel's birthday, October 21, 1948—Robert A. Millikan and Gabriela Mistral. In Spanish, in rhapsodic prose, the Chilean poetess praised Sweden, Norway, and Denmark and their men and women of genius, calling them "The Nordic Trinity." Dr. Millikan predicted that the release of atomic fission would hasten the fulfilment of Nobel's dream of a warless world.

This Nobel banquet was arranged jointly with the local Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations. ASF Chairman William Olivarius presided, and Rev. George A. Spindt served as toastmaster. Countess Karin de Roaldes was chairman for the event. *Den Danske Pioneer*, Omaha, published in six columns her account of the evening, which was recorded also in the press of California.



The Decorative Arts of Sweden. By Iona Plath. Scribners. 1948. 246 pp. Price \$10.00.

Decorative artists, from professional designers to amateur decorators of kitchen-cupboards, will find inspiration in Iona Plath's *The Decorative Arts of Sweden*, with its hundreds of illustrations in black and white and thirty-two pages in full color. American shops have for several years attempted to supply the demand for Swedish glass; and exhibitions of modern Swedish furniture, textiles, and other decorative arts have met with great interest as they have been shown throughout the country. However, the American public has had almost no opportunity of realizing, through reading in English, the long tradition of good craftsmanship, honesty, simplicity, and style of which the much admired contemporary creations are a part. Miss Plath presents an introduction to the historic background, from the advent of Christianity to the present time, tracing the development of textiles, ceramics, metal-work, glass, and wall-paintings (which enchanting peasant pictures are represented in several of

our museums, including Chicago, Worcester, and Oberlin). The main emphasis in the earlier periods is upon peasant art, possibly because the author felt this phase to be more native, less influenced from outside sources, or quite likely, there just was not space enough to include bronze-age necklaces, Viking helmets, and medieval ecclesiastical textiles. This, however, is a minor flaw in a splendid book.

Miss Plath is herself an artist of Swedish background who has spent considerable time in Sweden, studying the magnificent museum collections, the work of individual contemporary designers, and the activities of the various arts-and-crafts societies, whose efforts in maintaining native tradition, while fostering original production, she discusses in her book. The illustrations include many careful drawings made by the author, as well as photographs supplied by Swedish museums, with a thorough list indicating sources. There are pictures from several of the famous outdoor museums, showing interiors of peasant-cottages, with furnishings and decorations in their original placement. An attempt has been made to distinguish between the varying styles in the different provinces, often determined by climatic conditions, as well as to indicate changes in the historic periods.

The publishers have stated at the end of the book, "The plates on the color pages are presented as interpretations rather than as undeviating reproductions." As usually happens

with color reproduction, texture is lost and tone is greatly distorted; that the publishers should have felt called upon to comment on this lack is an indication of the general level of integrity in this handsome and valuable publication.

ELLEN H. JOHNSON

To the Arctic! By Jeannette Mirsky. Knopf. 1948. 334 pp. Price \$5.00.

The stirring saga of Arctic exploration from the earliest times down to World War II is here presented in whole between the covers of one book. Its appearance at this time calls attention to the fact that geopolitics and the airplane have made the Arctic Ocean the Mare Nostrum of the modern world. Miss Mirsky, author of *The Westward Crossings*, adds sound scholarship to a lively style thus producing a work which will appeal both to the serious student and the seeker for reading entertainment; besides being a fully documented and comprehensive presentation of man's struggles in the Arctic, the book is at the same time a handy reference volume.

The author begins her story with the early voyages of the Greeks and the Norsemen (here, as in so many other books, erroneously called Vikings), and covers the intrepid expeditions, the exploits and triumphs, and also the failures and frequent tragedies during the many centuries when the English, Dutch, Russians, Scandinavians, and others, attempted to solve the mysteries of the Arctic. The Route to Cathay, The Franklin Expeditions, the Northwest and Northeast Passages, the Race for the Pole—each of these phrases, and many others, represents a challenge and a dramatic struggle in which man pitted his strength against Geography, Nature, and the Elements. The deeds of the many Scandinavian explorers, among them Egede, Nansen, Amundsen, Sverdrup, Nordenskiöld, André, Bering, and Rasmussen, loom, needless to say, large in the narrative.

To add a personal note, the present reviewer fails to find any reference to his great-grandfather, Capt. Erik Eriksen, whose original discovery of King Carl's Land was substantiated by documents found in Norway in 1931.

This book was first published in 1934 under the title "To the North!", but was promptly withdrawn due to a threatened libel action by Dr. Frederic Cook. The present edition has been revised, expanded, and brought up to date, and contains numerous illustrations and several good maps. The introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson puts the imprimatur on a volume which should be welcomed by anyone interested in adventure and exploration.

ERIK J. FRIIS

Denmark—Places and People. Photographs by Jonals & Co., selected and arranged by J. Grønborg Hansen. With a foreword and text by Monica Redlich. Copenhagen, Schoenberg Publishers. 1948. Price (at Bonniers, New York), \$5.50.

A beautiful book to awaken memories in those who already know Denmark and to incite in others a desire to make her acquaintance or, like the writer, get behind the scenes and feel the country intimately, learning the meaning of words like "stemning" and "home" in the Danish sense. For Denmark is not a spectacular country of compelling scenic grandeur to attract the stranger; it is rather a country that will be wooed to be won, wooed with mind and heart and the five senses. Only so it will yield its true charm of old and new, of tradition that has not grown stodgy but gives savour to modernity, to its culture a blend of informality and refinement. And then the delicate shades of the Danish light known abroad by the pearly, grey-blue tint of the Copenhagen porcelain, may be felt as an intimate joy, and spring in a Danish beechwood become the lacy, leafy, breath-taking miracle pictured by the writer. For she is one who came from the outside; came, saw and conquered—and *was* conquered in the process. She observed with penetration, interest, humor, and sympathetic understanding. It is always enlightening to be viewed by foreign eyes—they are fresh, and things familiar to the native-born stand out in stronger relief. This makes for sharper criticism as well as for greater enthusiasm. With her keen powers of observation and exquisite poetic touch Monica Redlich, English-born wife of the Danish Consul General in New York, having lived in Denmark for more than eight years, has painted a comprehensive picture of places and people. The style is delightfully personal; and yet the reader gets all the essential facts.

Like Sigrid Undset, who describes the Danes as an easy-going happy and friendly people with a fine sense of humor, yet self-willed and "at bottom the most unyielding and realistic of the Northern nations," Monica Redlich has discovered this apparent contradiction in the Danish psyche. She finds the Danes "easy-going in some ways and doggedly persistent in others"—in accord with the nature of the land, its wind and weather!

Her observations serve as the best possible introduction and accompaniment to a large selection of photographs showing landscapes, fine castles, farms, cosy little towns, crafts and industries, and many beaches, crowning glory of sea-girt Denmark and her—500— islands. One might have wished for a greater selection of types and faces, perhaps. As it is, the book will give great joy and can hardly fail to attract new friends to Denmark. The old friends are ever faithful and will be eager to add this fine work to their memory-treasure.

GERDA M. ANDERSEN

Four Sons of Norway. By Helen Acker. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1948. 255 pp. Price \$3.00.

Ole Bull, Edvard Grieg, Henrik Ibsen, and Fridtjof Nansen are the four great sons of

Norway whose life-stories are retold in this handsome little volume. The author, Miss Helen Acker, who previously has another collection of biographies, *Three Boys of Old Russia*, to her credit, has designed the book mainly for youngsters and teen-agers. The early careers and rise to fame of her four subjects have, perhaps for that reason, been stressed by the author, while their later achievements and influence in their respective fields have been more or less sketched in. But she has happily brought out the fact that all four did much of their creative work outside the homeland and told the world about Norway, each in his own way; the lives of the four men thus reflect the emergence of Norway from relative obscurity at the beginning of the eighteenth century to the favored position in the world of music, letters, and exploration held at the beginning of the twentieth.

Miss Acker knows the story-teller's art; the life-stories of the four men are related entertainingly and in a style which will appeal to younger readers. The illustrations by Nils Hogner, if not exactly sparkling, contribute to the pleasing total effect of the book.

It is hoped that readers of *Four Sons of Norway* will have their appetites whetted to go on to the four definitive biographies of these heroes published by The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

ERIK J. FRIS

Ernst Josephson. By Simon L. Millner. *Machmadim Art Editions, Inc.* 1948. Distributed by Columbia University Press. Price on application.

In America we hear a great deal about "Swedish modern" furniture, glass, silver, and architecture; but we have had little opportunity to familiarize ourselves with the plastic arts of that country. Consequently, we welcome publication of Simon Millner's book on Ernst Josephson, whose work merits the high regard in which he is held by the Swedes and deserves international recognition in the development of modern art. Mr. Millner places Josephson in his historic setting, and gives a picture of the man himself, his intense and tortured personality, somewhat akin to that of Van Gogh.

Ernst Josephson was born in Stockholm in 1851 and died there in 1906. As a young art student, he traveled and studied in Germany, Holland, Spain, and France in the late 1870's and early 1880's. Of the old masters Rembrandt was his greatest inspiration, but this devotion did not shut him off from the new trends. Reflections of Courbet, Manet, and Renoir are likewise to be seen in Josephson's work. However, the influences which he received from time to time were intelligently adapted into his own personal, individual creations. His paintings, mostly portraits at this time, reveal a fine insight into character, a rich, bold application of the paint, and a broad, flat decorative handling of color areas.

These canvases alone register Josephson among the significant painters of the late nineteenth century; but it is his work after

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1888 which is really startling and places him among the forerunners of modern art. At that time he suffered a mental collapse and was brought home to Sweden where the remaining years of his life were spent in seclusion. During his illness, he made about a thousand drawings and many oils and watercolor sketches, mystic, intense, and profoundly expressive. Their fantasy and distortion, their bold and unnaturalistic color, and their free, unliterary, sometimes delicate, sometimes powerful, line make one think of such twentieth century artists as Picasso, Kokoschka, Matisse, and Klee. In fact we know that Picasso and Kokoschka did see Josephson's work.

Valuable as it is to introduce Josephson to the art-minded Americans, the reproductions in the Millner book are of such poor quality that they give almost no idea of the paintings; and the delicacy and subtlety of the line drawings are completely lost. Moreover, Millner does not mention any of the literature on Josephson, not even works by such an authority as Erik Blomberg. The most serious omission in this regard is that there is no reference to Per-Olov Zennström, whose book *Ernst Josephson*, published in Stockholm, 1946, has been Millner's principal source for information, and even on several occasions, direct translation. It is unfortunate that such regrettable circumstances should mar the first book in English about one of the most significant Swedish artists.

ELLEN H. JOHNSON

English Loan-Words in Modern Norwegian: A study of linguistic borrowing in the process. By Aasta Stene. Published for the Philological Society. London: Oxford University Press, and Oslo: Johan Grundt Tanum Forlag. 1945. xv + 222 pp. Price \$2.50.

The topic which Miss Stene has chosen to treat in this book is, as she herself notes, "one of the classical fields of linguistic research." Her study makes available for the first time a wealth of material about the influence of English culture on Norwegian life. She finds that the favorite fields for importation of English words are sports and games, transport and sailing, trade and fashions, food and hospitality, with a sprinkling of religious and political terms. She sums them up as being representative of the age of the Industrial Revolution and its by-products in the form of leisure activities. The contacts between Norway and England have predominantly been by way of the written word, through trade, the press, the schools, light fiction, and the films. Most of the words taken over from English are recent, even in English. The interested reader will

find in her book a list of such words (admittedly incomplete, however, since new ones are constantly being introduced), and a thorough discussion of the criteria by which they can be identified, their pronunciation and grammatical forms in Norwegian, their meaning and cultural context. The book is a distinct contribution to the field of loanword study, vigorously and interestingly analyzing as it does a linguistic process of unexpected complexity and delicacy.

EINAR HAUGEN

This Is Denmark. Editor, Knud Gedde. Picture Editor, C. F. S. Trock. *Gjellerup*. 1948. Distributed in U.S.A. by Scandinavian Book Service, Box 99, Audubon Sta., New York 32, N.Y. 272 pp. and maps. Price \$6.75.

This book is good contemporary art. On the jacket we see at the top three Danish boys running to their farm house. At the bottom king and queen wave from their window welcome to foreign guests to "the king's old Copenhagen." The green cover itself is like the wallpaper designs from Denmark, chic and original, that are now in demand for American homes. The profuse illustrations reveal all phases of Danish life, from the windswept bathing beaches of Jutland to the majestic chalk cliffs of Møn and Sjaelland, from archaeological finds of the Bronze Age to the nursery schools which in Denmark do the work of our baby sitters. The text is a restrained but rhythmical prose.

H. G. L.

Open Sandwiches and Cold Lunches. By Asta Bang and Edith Rode. *Gjellerup*. 1948. Distributed in U.S.A. by Scandinavian Book Service, Box 99, Audubon Sta., New York 32, N.Y. 112 pp. and XVI plates in color. Price \$3.25.

This is no mere cookbook. The recipes are here in plenty, but the volume is a literary treatise on one of the lesser arts, the art of eating. Each of the kodachrome color illustrations is more fascinating than the picture that preceded it. In his youth the reviewer was told that the French excelled in the art of eating, but he knows that the Danes live better than the French. He has tested comparison of the cuisine of simple dirt farmers in France with the fare of small householders in Jutland; the expensive restaurants of the Bois with the cafés of Copenhagen. It is true that a "British" sandwich with its layer of bread on top is better for a knapsack than Danish *smørrebrød*, but with that criticism the Danish sandwich reigns supreme. Look at the colorful lunch tray of a Copenhagen stenographer! H.G.L.

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BOOK NOTES

Norstedt och Söner, Sweden's largest publishers, celebrated their 125th anniversary December 18.

Iceland Roundabout by Agnes Rothery (Dodd, Mead, 1948, 200 pp. ill. George Gray, Price \$2.75) is Mrs. Rothery's second book about Iceland in one year and the thirty-first volume of which she is author. Indeed, the productiveness of our American interpreter of foreign lands is almost as amazing as is "The Hermit of the Atlantic." In words of not too many syllables, she tells children as much about Iceland in her roundabout as a candidate for a doctor's degree learns in three years of post-graduate study. Her Iceland is a land of millions of active birds of rare plumage and of thousands of happy, healthy children who can converse intelligently in Latin, French, English and all the Scandinavian tongues. Even the beasts of the field and "the sounding sea" she introduces with motherly affection. "The seals," writes Mrs. Rothery, "are very playful and love to chase the salmon far up into the fjords and to follow passing boats, especially if they can see a bit of bright color or hear strains of music."

Christmas annuals are better done in Britain and Scandinavia than in the United States. But under Scandinavian-American leadership we are making headway. *Julegranen*, edited by August Bang of Cedar Falls, Iowa, is in Danish. The eighteenth (1948) number of *Christmas* (1948, \$2 and \$1), edited by Randolph E. Haugen and published by Augsburg in Minneapolis, is in English, but most of the pictures are by Norwegian artists.

The best children's books are produced in Scandinavia, but all too few of them reappear in American dress; for our publishers can ill afford the expensive many-color illustrations. Happily, however, Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire have produced another of their irresistible picture books. Their *Nils* (Doubleday, 1948, Price \$2.50), with its gorgeous color, is the tale of a Connecticut farm boy and his ski stockings from Norway. Also *Scandinavia* by Edwin Ben Evans, illustrated by Raffaello Busoni (Holiday, 1948, Price \$1.25), is a glamorous bird's-eye review of that portion of the globe where useful articles are made beautiful.

Denmark is now a rival of Sweden in producing attractive national picture books. The collection of photos in *Denmark* (1948, the National Travel Association of Denmark, Price gratis) will lure many visitors to the blessed Danish islands.

Princeton University Press by no means confines its publications to Scandinavian books.

When answering advertisements, please mention THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

Recent Books about DENMARK

This is Denmark. Ed. by Knud Gedde. 272 pp., over 300 splendid photographs. The standard work for all-round information about Danish life & culture, history & politics, etc. Handsomely bound in cloth-backed boards. 1948. \$6.75

Denmark. Publ. by the National Travel Ass'n of Denmark. 90 pp., 90 full-page photographs of Danish towns & the countryside. Boards. 1948. \$3.75

History of Denmark. By John Danstrup. A new, revised edition of this book, of which the first edition sold out immediately, will be ready soon. This 2nd edition will have c. 30 full-page illustrations & 3 colored maps. Clothbound. Tentative price \$4.25

Modern Danish Authors. Ed. & trans. by Evelyn Heepe & N. Heltberg. 222 pp., presenting 11 contemporary authors. Boards. 1948. \$2.75

In Denmark I Was Born. A Little Book of Danish Verse, selected & trans. by R. P. Keigwin (Danish & English text). 104 pp. Boards. 1948. \$2.00

Applied Art in Denmark. By Agner Christoffersen. 96 pp., 93 illustr. giving examples of modern Danish handicraft: ceramics, glass, silver, furniture, etc. Paperbd. 1948. \$2.00

Denmark During the German Occupation. Ed. by Børge Outze. 175 pp., illustr., paperbd. 1946. \$3.75

The Danish Co-operative Movement. By H. Ravnholt. 108 pp., 11 plates, paperbd. 1947. \$2.00

Open Sandwiches & Cold Lunches. An Introduction to Danish Culinary Art by Asta Bang & Edith Rode. 112 pp., charming vignettes & 16 color plates showing Danish "smørrebrød." The only book of its kind in English. Washable boards. 1948. \$3.25

88 Danish Dishes, or Dining in Denmark. By Hetna Dedichen. 5th ed. 55 pp., illustr. Boards. 1948. \$1.35

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The Autobiography of Benjamin Rush, edited by George W. Corner (1948, 399 pp., Price \$6.00), gives an astute and acidulous commentary on Philadelphia by America's bluff post-revolutionary surgeon. Like much early American biography recently resurrected, this book is good reading.

Gyldendal Norsk Forlag (1948) has published a Norwegian translation by Sverre Hagerup Bull of *The Life of Ole Bull*, by Mortimer Smith, which was produced by Princeton University Press and The American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1943. It is a well illustrated volume of 270 pages.

The Door of Death, by Ralph Oppenheim (The Harvill Press, 1948, 239 pp., Price 7/6), is an exciting but true diary of the Occupation of Denmark written in the form of a novel.

Tropical Adventure, by H. Tscherning Petersen (Roy, 1948, 275 pp., Price \$3.50), is the experience of a young Danish engineer in Sumatra—not without benefit of women!

Instead of Arms, by Count Folke Bernadotte (Bonniers, 1948, 229 pp., Price \$3.00), is a collection of autobiographical memoranda about his missions for the Red Cross and other international assignments, completed on the Island of Rhodes shortly before he suffered in Jerusalem martyrdom for the United Nations.

The Will to Succeed (Bonniers, 1948, 351 pp., Price \$2.75) is a collection of stories of Swedish pioneers in America selected with objective judgment by Adolph B. Benson from the more than two thousand essays submitted for the contest sponsored by the Swedish American Line. In his challenging introduction Dr. Benson indicates that Americans of Swedish descent are happily taking an increasing interest in the land of their forebears; however, he finds that the majority of the papers written for this contest and the better essays are from persons whose names do not indicate Swedish descent.

We are accustomed to be skeptical of sometimes vague British criticism of Scandinavian literature when compared with more acid or meticulous commentaries by German and American scholars. So we are not surprised in turning to the *Selected Bibliography of Ibsen's Dramatic Technique* by P. F. D. Tennant (Bowes & Bowes, 1948, 135 pp., Price 12/6) that this Sometime Fellow of Queen's, Cambridge, has omitted the translation of Halvdan Koht's *Henrik Ibsen* published by The American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1931. However, Mr. Tennant is modern, technical, and necessary. His book even includes diagrams of the use of asides, stage whispers, monologue, and thinking aloud in the plays of Ibsen. He calls him "the artist who escaped

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the responsibilities of reality by projecting reality into his works and keeping it at arm's length."

The writings of Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist who visited America in 1750, are becoming almost as rich a source for information about American life in the seventeen fifties as De Tocqueville is for the America of the early eighteen hundreds. Mrs. Esther Louise Larsen Doak, of Crown Point, Indiana, has translated four articles of Kalm for *Agricultural History* (1943, 1945, 1947, 1948). The July 1948 issue contains Kalm's description of American spruce beer and his suggestion that the Swedes try to make something like it out of their spruces.

Docent Sven Linner, instructor in Swedish in Harvard University, calls our attention to the new Swedish literary magazine *Prisma*. The best writers of Sweden are behind this journal, which is, in a sense, Nordic and international, accepting contributions from French and British authors.

Dr. E. Gustav Johnson, of North Park College, contributed to the June and September 1948 issues of *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* two papers on the 14-year exile of the Swedish novelist, C. J. L. Almqvist, in the United States. Almqvist fled to America in 1861 to escape prosecution for "personal irregularities." He produced nothing of consequence over here, but Dr. Johnson has translated one indifferent story about an alchemist that is based on this American postlude and found in the author's posthumous papers. Almqvist, of course, remains a classic in world literature. His *Sara Videbeck*, published in English translation by ASF, is out of print.

Det Danske Selskab (Copenhagen) is issuing a series of illustrated monographs in English on Danish social institutions and science of which two booklets have already appeared: *The Danish Folk High Schools* and *The Danish Cooperative Movement*. These books are invaluable source material for all students of Danish civilization. Yes, *det er et yndigt land!*

Dream in the Stone (by Dana Faralla, Messenger, 1948, 234 pp., Price \$3.00) is a novel of Danish Jutland rich in human passion, purple heather, and "crackling music of the sea." A thriller, indeed, but with the proper reticence of glamorous Miss Faralla's Danish paternal forebears!

Americans of Swedish Descent, edited by Gösta Nyblom, G. Nyblom Publishing House, Rock Island, Illinois (Price on application), is a magnificent illustrated volume of six hundred pages with articles by authorities on the pursuits and institutions of Swedish immigrants, particularly in Illinois. The second half of the book is devoted to short biographical sketches of Swedes resident in Illinois with many pictures of their homes and families.

This monograph is an impressive addition to the library of books about the Scandinavians in America that include the works of Amandus Johnson, Naboth Hedin, Florence Janson, Theodore Blegen, and Christian Rasmussen.

Year Book 1948 of the American Swedish Historical Foundation contains its usual collection of important historical essays. To the writer, the most important is *The First Pioneers: The Rambo Family* by the present president of the Foundation, Ormond Rambo, Jr. The Rambos came over on the second voyage of the "Kalmar Nyckel" in 1640 and are one of the few Old Swedish families of Philadelphia who have never Americanized the spelling of their names.

Latest Books received from Norway:

Johan Bojer: SKYLD. *A novel from Trøndelag*. \$3.95

W. Brøgger: TRE GANGER DRONNING. *A historical novel set in medieval Norway*. \$3.70

Bergliot Ibsen: DE TRE. *Reminiscences about Henrik, Suzannah and Sigurd Ibsen*. \$4.50. Bd.

NORGESKALENDER 1949. *In color*. \$1.00

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by Henry Goddard Leach, Scribner, 1915.

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Exhibition of Contemporary Scandinavian Art. 1912

We will pay \$5.00 for copies in good condition.

The American-Scandinavian Review

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